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# CHINA MAIL

No. 36799

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1957.

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THE FAMOUS COMFORT  
IN ACTION TROUSERS

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HONGKONG & KOWLOON

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### SMALL PLACES WITH BIG PROBLEMS

THE Labour Party early last month released a net of principles dealing with policy towards smaller colonial territories. The official publication has now been received in Hongkong. Theoretically the objectives it lays down are unexceptionable, but in practice many serious problems may occur in applying this policy to the 33 territories spread over the globe to which it refers.

Labour offers the right of self-determination to all and the right of secession and the "steady establishment of democratic institutions" for internal self-government. Where sovereign independence is impossible, federation, integration with Britain or some Commonwealth nation, or a dominion status is offered. This is Labour's proposal in a nutshell.

THE reader's first impression is that Hongkong's case has been overlooked. Not one of the suggestions seems applicable to us. And indeed, Tristan da Cunha, St Helena, Gibraltar, and the Seychelles also look like square pegs in the round hole solutions offered.

Perhaps wisely, however, Labour has not tried to dictate a specific course for any single colony. It admits the possibility that circumstances—material as well as political—may change in the case of some territories whose immediate prospects of sovereignty seem hazy. In the light of future developments, policy will presumably be adapted.

NO alarm need be felt at this plan and objectives ought not to be considered in any definite context of time. Nor ought they to be regarded necessarily as Labour's last word. What it has done is merely to indicate its likely approach to the problem.

The next stage of applying its various solutions to individual territories will be infinitely more difficult and cannot be undertaken without the knowledge of an experienced government and a much more detailed study of local conditions and sentiment.

Labour's Colonial Policy: Smaller Territories published by the Labour Party Transport House London, price ninepence.

## TRIBES REBEL IN ARAB KINGDOM

### 'Some Initial Success' BRITAIN WATCHING EVENTS

Bahrain, Persian Gulf, July 19.  
A tribal rising in the Arabian Kingdom of Muscat and Oman has had "some initial success" an official British spokesman said today.

The Sultan of Muscat is using his private army, which has British officers, to suppress the rising, the spokesman said. The rising is reported to be centred on Nizwa, ancient capital of Oman and former stronghold of the Imam (spiritual leader) of Oman. The Imam was expelled from Nizwa in December, 1955, by the Sultan's forces after an attempt by the Imam to set up an independent state.

Nizwa is about 200 miles inland and about 120 miles south-east of the oil-rich Bura'ni oasis, focus of dispute between Saudi Arabia and Britain. The British spokesman said the "initial success of the rising is likely to be only temporary." Communications, he added, were extremely difficult and the situation was "slightly fluid."

The Sultan, Said Bin Taimur, has a treaty of friendship, commerce and navigation with Britain.

Oman and Muscat, a large alluvial territory, bordering considerable areas of empty desert and holding a population variously estimated at between 550,000 and 830,000, is divided into two main parts.

#### FOREIGN AFFAIRS

There is the Sultanate, a broad coastal belt some 1,000 miles long, and a strip known as Trucial Oman, which is subdivided into seven states. Under treaties with the trucial states Britain protects and handles all matters relating to foreign affairs.

But the Sultanate itself is an independent sovereign state. It lies in the south-eastern corner of the Arabian peninsula at the entrance to the Persian Gulf.

Saudi Arabia, which borders the Sultanate on the west, is bitterly contesting the British-backed Sultan's occupation of the Bura'ni oasis, from which he ejected Saudi-Arabian forces in October, 1955.

The major fighting unit in the area is the trucial scout force, formed by Britain in 1951 to protect the frontiers of the trucial states and the Sultanate.

#### MAINLY BEDOUIN

According to latest reports the force is today made up to battalion strength and is composed of volunteers, mainly Bedouin.

The commanding officer is reported to be Lieutenant-Colonel Eric F. Johnson, O.B.E., M.C., of the South Lancashire regiment, and all his 22 officers are British, seconded to the force from the British army.

The force is controlled and paid for by the British Government. It is primarily an infantry force intended to prevent violation of boundaries and to stabilise the trucial coast as a whole.

Other tasks include acting as a para-civilian police force with the power to arrest gun-runners, pearl smugglers or slave traders.—Reuter.

#### CONFUSED

London, July 19.  
The Foreign Office has received reports confirming unrest in the hinterland of the Sultanate of Oman, a spokesman said tonight. "But the reports tend to be confused," he added.

There was speculation among diplomatic observers here whether the Sultan on the basis of his treaty would call for help from Britain, such as in the form of support from the Royal Air Force.

The rising was the second development being watched closely by observers here because of its possible bearing on the British position around the Arabian peninsula.

Oman lies to the north-east of Aden, main British base in the Arabian peninsula. To the north-west of Aden, reports have been current of Russian block arms deliveries to the Kingdom of the Yemen, whose tribesmen are skirmishing along the frontier of the Aden protectorate.—Reuter.



Sir Alexander Grantham shakes hands with Mr. A. G. Parker, acting Director of Marine, at Queen's Pier this morning. The Governor crossed to Tsingtao by his barge and was then driven to Kai Tak.—China Mail Photo.

## GOVERNOR LEAVES FOR LONDON TALKS

His Excellency, the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham left Hongkong this morning by BOAC Britannia for London to have consultations with the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd.

Sir Alexander Grantham will be away a week. H. E. the Governor was seen off at Queen's Pier at 8.30 by Mr. A. G. Parker, Acting Director of Marine.

He boarded a launch for Tsingtao and was received at Kai Tak and seen off by Mr. M. J. Muspratt, William, Director of Civil Aviation, the Hon. Sir Francis Chao and Mr. A. D. Bennett, Far East General Manager of BOAC.

#### HIS FUTURE

No official comment has been made on the Governor's visit to London, the announcement of which was made some two weeks ago.

But general belief in the Colony is that he will discuss his future with Mr. Lennox-Boyd, following the presentation of a petition for a further term of duty, by Hongkong residents.

He has now been Governor of Hongkong for 10 years and his term has been extended three times.

While it is not known what the Governor's own feelings are on a further extension of his term, talk among local observers is that if Sir Alexander Grantham, one of Britain's most capable colonial administrators, does not return to Hongkong and does not retire, he may be offered one of these two posts:

- ★ Commissioner - General of Southeast Asia.
- ★ Governor of the proposed West Indies Federation.

Sir Alexander Grantham is 58. Apart from his service in this Colony in the last 10 years and earlier more than 30 years ago, Sir Alexander has served as Colonial Secretary in Bermuda from 1935-1938 and Colonial Secretary in Jamaica from 1938-41.

He was also Chief Secretary of Nigeria from 1941 to 1944 and Governor of Fiji and High Commissioner for the Western Pacific from 1946-47.

The feeling in unofficial quarters in Hongkong is that if Sir Alexander Grantham does not return to the Colony, Sir Robert Black, Governor of Singapore, may become next Governor of Hongkong.

Sir Robert was Colonial Secretary here from 1952 until 1955.

If Sir Alexander Grantham's term of office is again extended in accordance with the wishes of the people, it will be the fourth extension.

Another subject which Sir Alexander Grantham and Mr. Lennox-Boyd may discuss is the refugee problem in some or all of its aspects.

## KRAMER'S FIGURES DOWN

Forest Hills, July 19.  
Professional tennis promoter, Jack Kramer, admittedly not making as much money as he thought he would with his Tournament of Champions at Forest Hills, privately hoped for a comeback by Lew Hoad today which might get him "out of hock."

With two days left in the Round-Robin Tournay, Kramer believes he needs close to sell-

out crowds during the final two days—Saturday and Sunday—to "make something." No matches were scheduled today. Hoad, whom Kramer paid \$125,000 to turn pro a couple of weeks ago, ruined what may have resulted in a sell-out of Sunday, when he lost to Ken Rosewall, 6-3, 0-7, 4-6, 6-3; yesterday in what was regarded as a major upset.—United Press.

## The Strain Was Too Much

London, July 19.  
Tropical drums went "Pong" and the top half of shapely Julie Martin's brief costume went "Ping" last night before Princess Margaret's boyfriend Billy Wallace and 1,000 other guests.

It was an impromptu striptease that was not part of the 17-year-old dancer's "Shake-it" choreography but Wallace led the cheers of pop-eyed spectators.

Julie set the short fringes of her bikini-style costume waving like wheat in a high wind as the drums beat out a torrid rhythm during the floor show of London's Calypso Ball.

Julie planted her bare feet on the floor and stretched out her arms for a super windup and shake when—ping went the strings of her bra.

#### FRANTIC

The dancer dropped to her knees and frantically tried to regain the errant half, the beat, and her composure.

Wallace and the other socialites cheered Julie as she tried to dance on, clutching herself.

She could not repair the damage and the spotlights blacked out.

Wallace shook her hand after the show and exclaimed: "I think you were absolutely magnificent."—United Press.

## PEKING OFFERS VISAS

London, July 19.  
British businessmen or industrialists wishing to go to China will receive a tourist visa for that country after applying for it at the consular service of the Chinese Charge d'Affaires in London. It was learned here today.

This is the first step of this kind taken by the Peking Government since the Communists came to power in China.

So far, British businessmen were granted a visa by the Peking authorities only when they travelled to China as a group or mission.

If they went there as individuals, they had to receive an invitation from a Chinese business organisation to discuss a specific deal.—France-Press.

#### China Trade Rush

London, July 19.  
Authoritative British trade quarters said today the Sino-British Trade Committee had received more than a hundred applications from British commercial concerns wishing to send agents to Communist China.—United Press.

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**M.W. FUSE SWITCHES**

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2. LARGE BLADES AND CONTACTS.
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4. RELIABLE FUSES.
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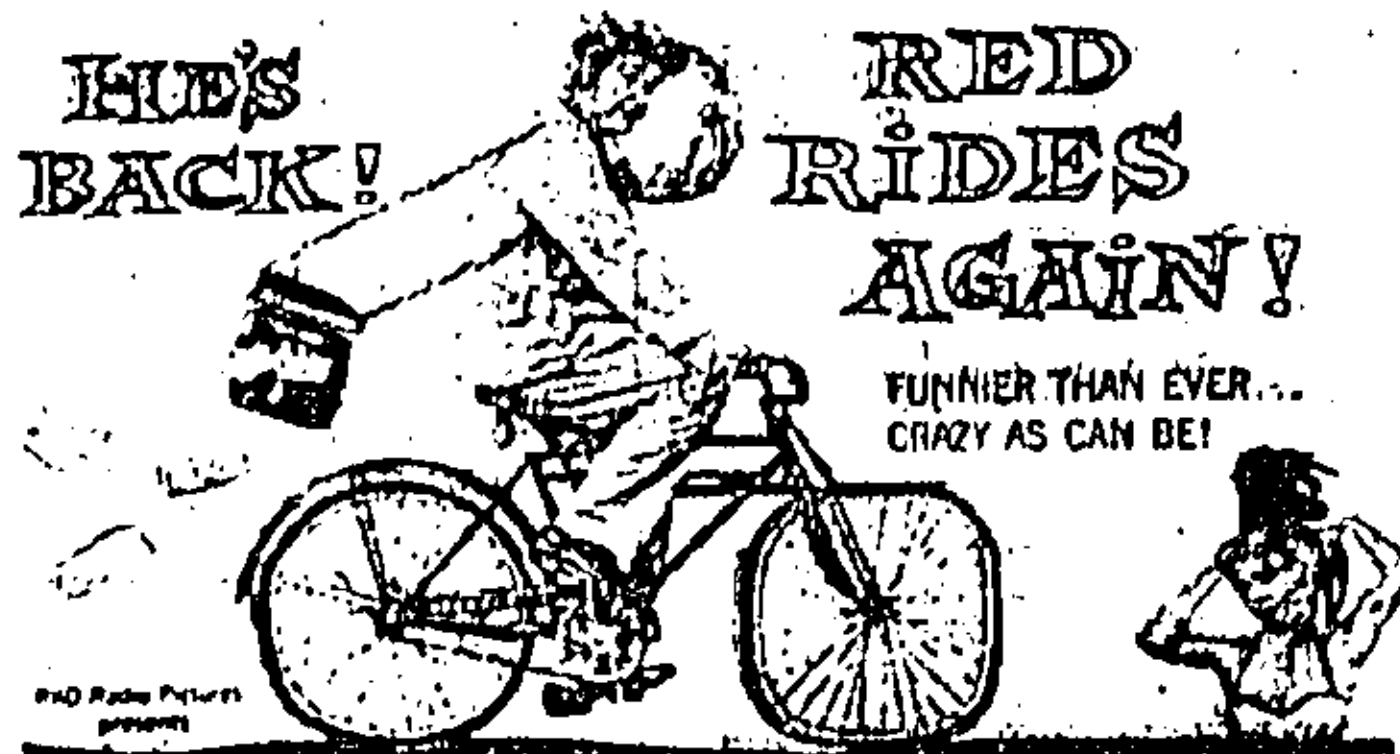
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## KING'S PRINCESS

TO-DAY



PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1

RED SKELTON • BLAINE  
JANET BLAIR  
TECHNICOLOR

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW  
KING'S At 11.00 a.m. PRINCESS At 11.00 a.m.  
M-G-M Presents 20th Century-Fox

VARIETY PROGRAMME  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

## PRINCESS SPECIAL MATINEE

TO-MORROW at 12.10 p.m.  
A 1957 Production by STANDARD FILMS of India  
Chitra — Daljit — Chandrasekhar — Kamal & Waati in

BASRE KI HOOR

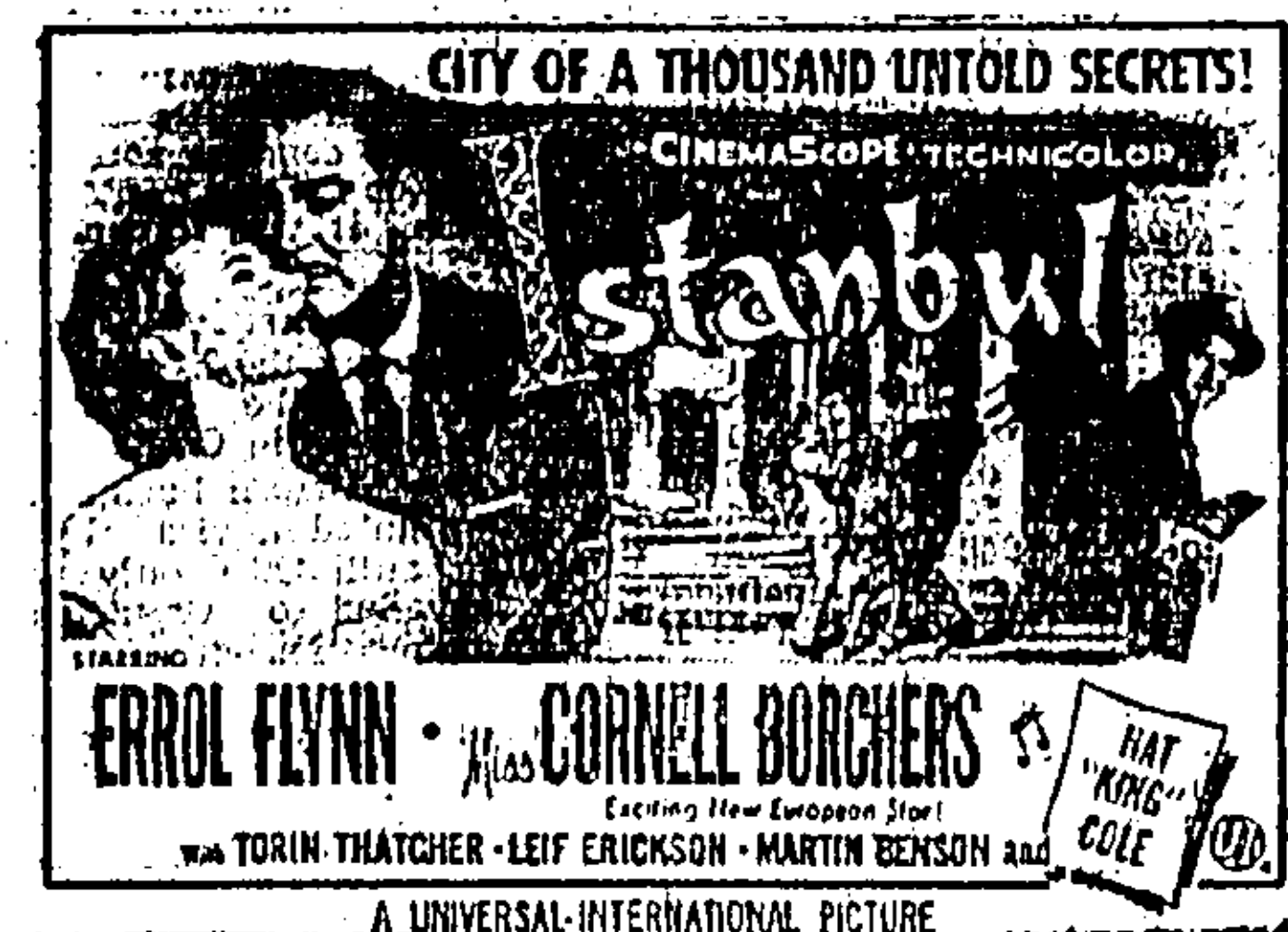
Directed by Majnu — Music by Chitragupta  
Dance sequence by Surya Kumar & Babu Lali.

9 MODERN HIT SONGS

Regular Admission Prices

## STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

SHOWING TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of  
"ISTANBUL" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW  
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.

LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show at 12.30

Dale Robertson • Sally Forrest in

"SON OF SINBAD" In SuperScope &amp; Color

At Reduced Prices

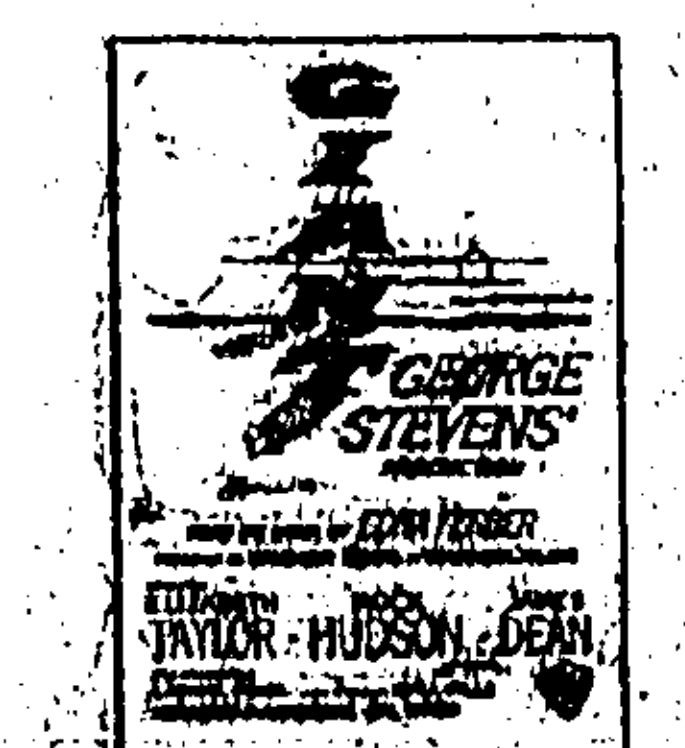
AT THE METROPOLE TO-MORROW:

Free PEPSI COLA To All Patrons At Every Show

## ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

3 SHOWS TO-DAY

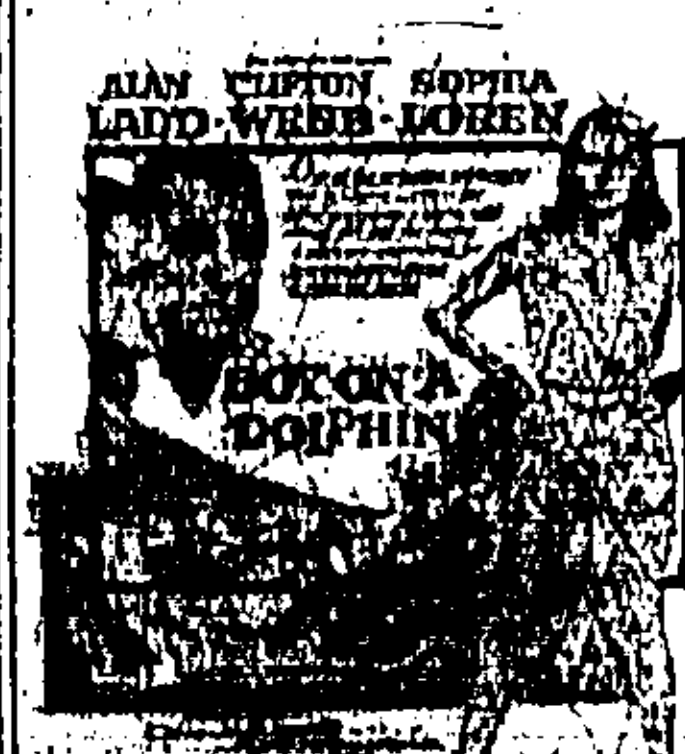
At 2.15, 5.40 & 9.00 p.m.  
Please note change of films.  
First time at Oriental.  
A personal drama of strong feelings.  
A Big Story of Big Things & Big Feelings!



THE GIRL IN THE RED DRESS  
TAYLOR • HUDSON • JONES  
A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

2ND BIG WEEK!

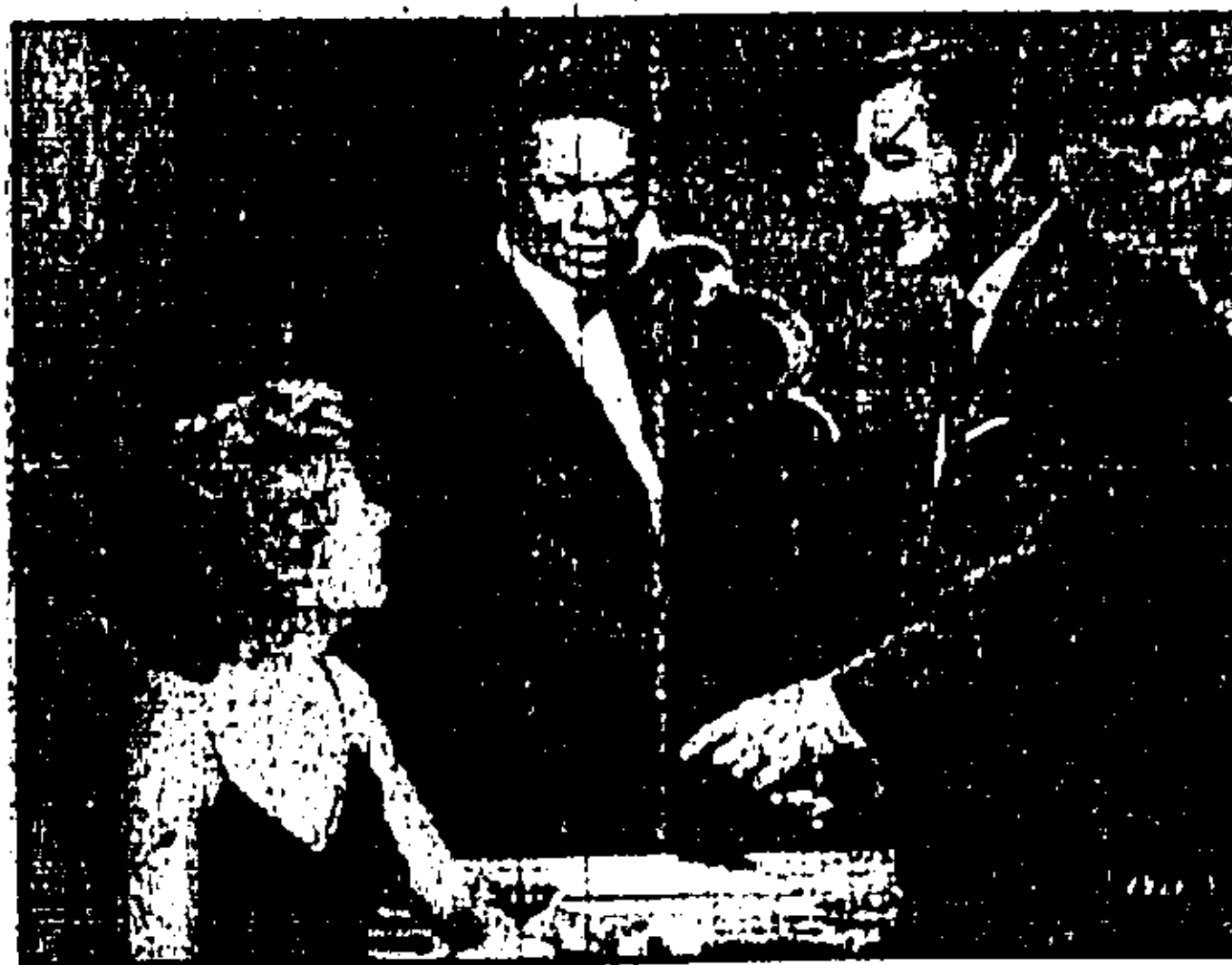
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



THE GIRL IN THE RED DRESS  
TAYLOR • HUDSON • JONES  
A UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

## FILMS

BY JANE ROBERTS

This Week's Films  
In Pictures

Cornell Borchers and Errol Flynn chat to Nat King Cole in a scene from "Istanbul" at the Metropole and Star cinemas.

## Designing Woman

Potentially there should have been a wealth of poignant situations in the plot of this picture.

A clever but slightly irresponsible sports writer for a large American newspaper gets drunk at a party, finds an attractive girl there who helps him write his copy and meet his deadline with it, falls in love with her and marries her within the space of a few days, only to find that the checks and sweaters girl who fitted so well on a yacht in the California sunshine, on the aircraft to New York metamorphoses into an elegant fashion designer.

Nor is this all. Her family has a certain amount of social prominence and a small legacy has enabled her to rent and furnish an apartment that makes his bachelor flat look like a hole in the wall.

Slapped on top of the gradually revealed differences are their friends. His are the easy-going, tileless, poker-playing type who couple their burning interest in sports with a dislike of getting closer to it than the spectator stands. Hers are full of smart, empty clothes—and stage talk.

The one really amusing scene is a joint "entertainment" evening when his friends are trying to concentrate on poker while hers are voraciously working out the details of a new show.

Popping in and out of the story is Dolores Gray, the voluptuous actress whose affair with the sports writer prior to his marriage is the basis of the newly-weds' disagreements.

Both Lauren Bacall and Gregory Peck are screen personalities I would rather watch than most, but in "Designing Woman" neither have been very kindly treated. The director seems to have had a pre-occupation with eyes and whenever a scene calls for more than a routine expression of surprise, he has made his two principal characters open their wide in an unattractive, theatrical stare. Lauren Bacall's laughter is false, Gregory Peck rolls his head on his shoulders in a poor reproduction of the "Roman Holiday" and "Wholly Day" mannerism and even dear old reliable Sam Levene's ranting lacks conviction.

I find that I have been more rude than I meant to be about this picture, mainly, I think, because I have been looking forward to it so much. The director is the person at fault. He has not made the most of the plot and although the dresses are sumptuous, he has allowed poor Lauren Bacall to

appear like a bean pole. It is a pity too that he didn't ensure that Gregory Peck made a more convincing sports reporter.

There's some vertebrae-chanking dancing from the well-known dancer Jack Cole who isn't afraid to poke fun at the dedicated and slightly absurd "natural" style of dancing and the usual good performance from one of my favourite character actors—Edward Platt. His mature good looks, easy style in the many varied parts he's taken and his pleasant, much larger role than he seems to get—he played a parson in one of Glenn Ford's recent pictures, now he's a crooked fight promoter.

Dolores Gray has a few incongruously sincere lines towards the end of the picture—towards considering the man-hunting nature of her part—but of all the characters in "Designing Woman" hers seemed to be the most true to life.

## Sea Wife

Joan Collins has obviously been bitten by the bug of realism.

In "The Wayward Bus" an untidy hair style and blowsy appearance held no terror for her and in "The Sea Wife" she goes a step further by wearing straight dresses that completely conceal her figure, a chaste, simple attire that even worse than that in "Wayward Bus" and to cap it all she is a nun.

When Deborah Kerr played a nun in "Black Narcissus" and again in "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" there was always the lurking suggestion that if sufficiently tempted she might renounce her vows. Somehow Joan Collins manages to convey a surety of purpose and a deepness of conviction that makes any suggestion of earthly love seem impure.

There's an innocence and lack of evil and temptation in her steady look that makes the devotion to her of the coloured pursuer a gentle and good thing instead of the palpitating affair of their youth and good looks might otherwise have suggested.

As in "The Wayward Bus" it is once again Joan Collins' picture and if she adds a few more performances of this sort to her list, Hollywood's male actors will be afraid to appear in films

with her. Richard Burton, automatically accustomed to acclaim must have winced when he saw himself, to out-acted by this hitherto pin-up girl.

Not that he isn't adequate in his part, but the restraint required by his role seems to be so much less effective than that of Joan Collins.

The story is a simple one. A ship crammed with refugees from Singapore during the 2nd world war is torpedoed and in the ensuing confusion the coloured pursuer, a self-centred businessman, an RAF officer and a nun find themselves in a dinghy together.

The nun does not reveal her identity, the pursuer is still faintly servile, the businessman bullies and the other young man gathers his training like a cloak around him and attempts to

formulate some plan that will save them all to safety.

After much privation that unfortunately is not convincing enough, the boat is washed up on an island and the atmosphere changes. Richard Burton reacts to the courage, gentleness and serene beauty of Joan Collins and falls in love with her. For some reason she doesn't put him out of his misery by telling him of her vows—which makes for a delicate situation, but on unrealistic one.

A raft is built on the island and eventually some of the party—I won't tell you which ones—return to civilisation.

A series of personal messages then begin to appear in the advertisements of London's Times newspaper, signed by the name "Gilead" which was the pseudonym behind which the RAF officer hid during the association of the four survivors. They were pleas for his anonymity and see him again. It would be a shame to spoil the ending by revealing the events that follow the advertisements, but I can tell you that they are unusual.

"The Sea Wife" moves slowly, but is never dull.

## Public Pigeon

## Number One

Few slapstick comedians are able to produce different gags for every picture and with most of them it's a case of once you've seen one you've seen all.

Martin and Lewis, Abbott and Costello—even the redoubtable Bob Hope—are all limited by the confining bands of knockabout humour and Red Skelton is just such another.

That absurd expression of puzzlement when a serious suggestion has been misconstrued, the shrug, dimples and mute appeal to the audience when his efforts have brought discomfiture on someone and the earnest air with which he delivers a fatuous line are all part of his stock in trade and without them he would not be Red Skelton.

It's been some time since we've seen him here, so perhaps the slightly thin jokester in "Public Pigeon Number One" will benefit from the rest. Then of course he's been given the usual pretty girl to divert those who are dragged to the picture by devoted Skelton fans. Vivian Blaine is the decoy duck in this case, with Janet Blair as an additional attraction should you find the slightly raucous voice of Vivian Blaine an irritation.

"Public Pigeon Number One" is the answer to that spare hour and a half to be filled in before a dinner date.

## Istanbul

For some reason Cornell Borchers has been given the distinction of having "Miss" added to her name in the billing for "Istanbul". A friend to whom I expressed surprise at this unusual distinction suggested that it might be to establish the fact that Miss Borchers is a woman, in spite of the equivocal Christian name. If that's the reason then why not "Mr" in front of such names as "Tab" (it might be short for Tabitha, after all) and Yut?

Whatever the reason for Miss Borchers' ladylike elevation there's no doubt but that Mr Flynn's balcony leaping days are over.

The gleaming smile once so obviously sure of its aim at the fluttering hearts of youthful film fans is more diffident now and its owner not nearly as confident of the accuracy of its aim. It seems a shame that the lovely Miss Borchers isn't given someone a little more near her own age as a romantic partner.

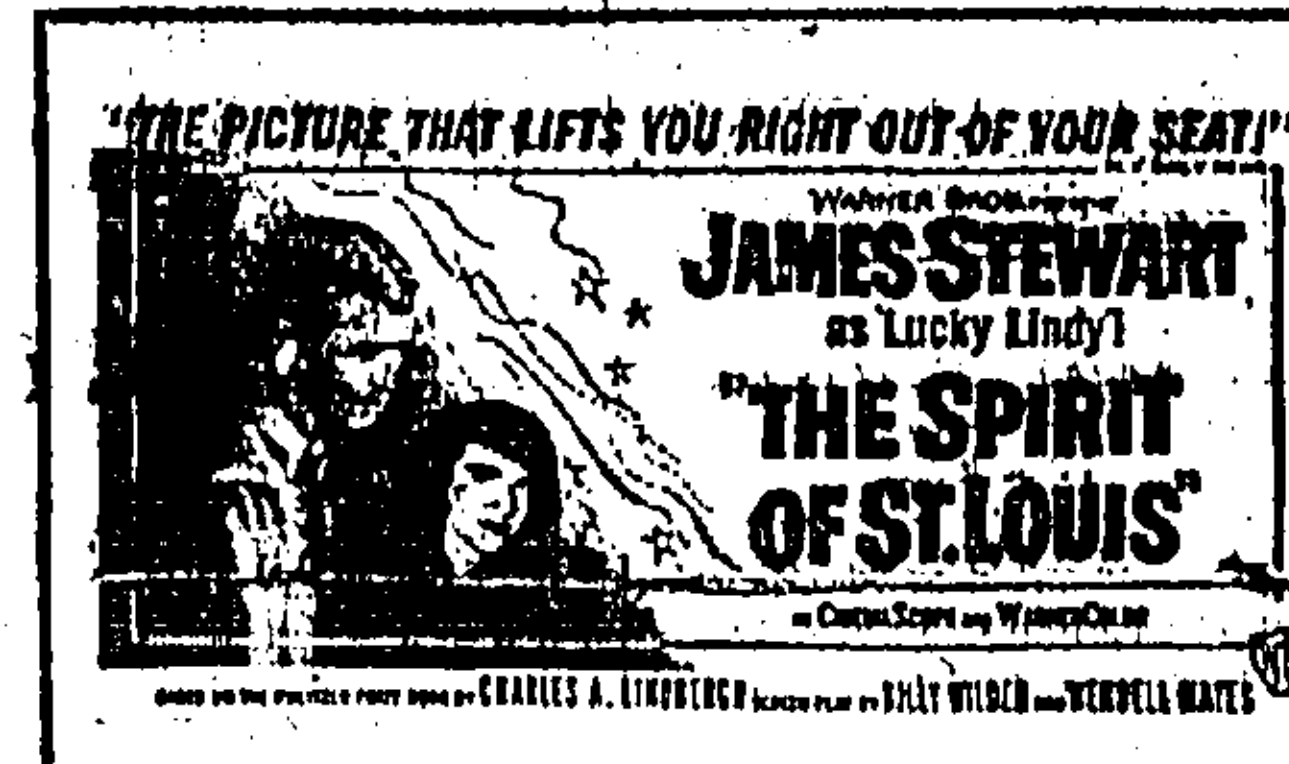
"Istanbul" tells the story of a tourist in the Turkish capital who is given a bracelet by the glib Errol Flynn. He howls and bawls in it are stolen diamonds. In the best tradition of detective stories, the real thieves search his room, intimidate Cornell Borchers and have the lovers to separate for several years.

Those fans will be interested to know that singer Nat King Cole has a part in the story and those who like the course of true love to run roughly will derive some pleasure from Miss Blaine's marriage plot to Flynn.

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

SHOWING TO-DAY

PLEASE NOTE CHANGE OF TIMES  
2.30 • 5.00 • 7.20 • 9.40 P.M.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOWS  
AT 11.30 A.M.

QUEEN'S "PRINCE VALIANT" Starring Robert Wagner • Janet Leigh  
CinemaScope Technicolor.  
ALHAMBRA 3 Stooges' Comedies & Columbia's LATEST CARTOONS AT REDUCED PRICES!

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

SHOWING TO-DAY

Please note change of times:  
AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

One of the most challenging stories of faith ever told!



JOAN COLLINS • RICHARD BURTON • BASIL SYDNEY and introducing CY GRANT

ADDED ATTRACTION! CINEMASCOPE FEATURETTE  
"LAND OF THE BIBLE" Color by De Luxe

ROXY & BROADWAY: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of "SEA WIFE" ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 12.15 p.m.

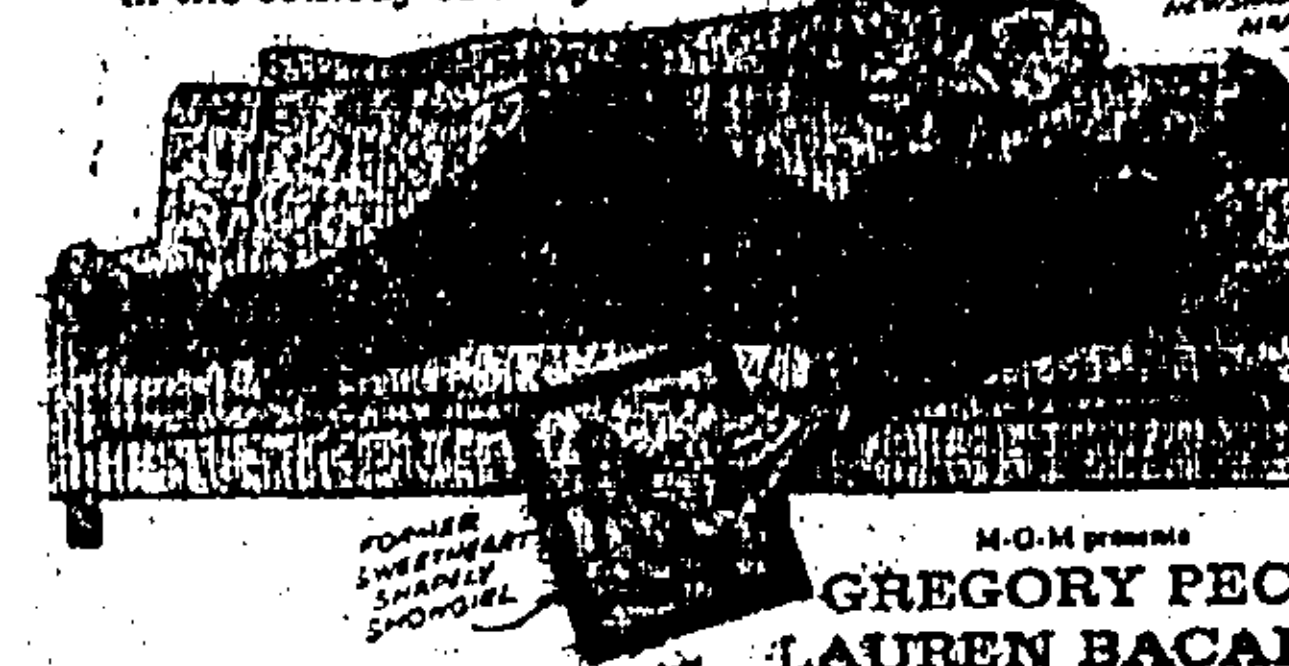
BROADWAY: Tomorrow Special Morning Show At 11 a.m. M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS—At Reduced Prices

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EXPLOSIVE FUN in the comedy of the year!



With Perspecta  
Stereophonic Sound

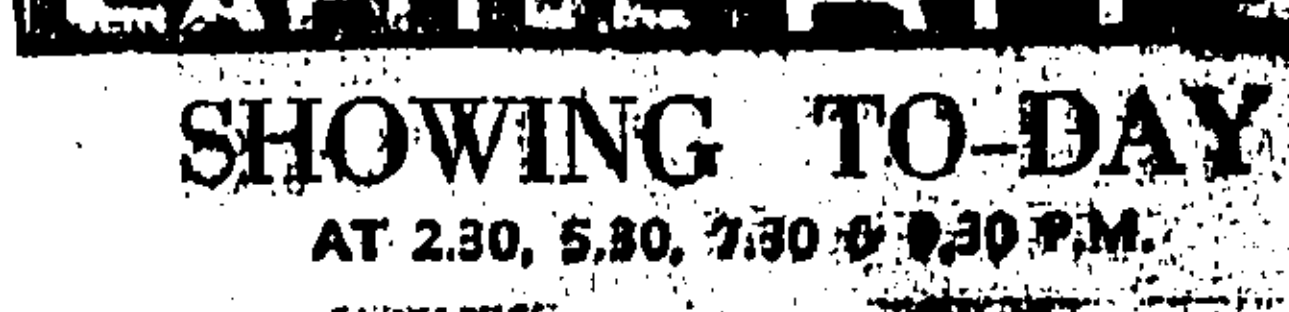
5 PERFORMANCES TO-MORROW

AT 12.00 NOON, 2.30, 5.20, 7.30 &amp; 9.40 P.M.

CAPITOL RITZ

SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.

CAPITOL RITZ

"RED BALL EXPRESS" TONY CURTIS "THE PURPLE MASK" In Technicolor



## TWO WEEKS TO GO IN THE PHOTO COMPETITION

You have a fortnight left to send in your entries to the China Mail photographic competition, the rules and regulations for which are published below.

The competition is in two sections: News and "Human or animal interest". Prizes are \$150 and \$100 in each section.

Entries should be clearly marked for the section in which they are being entered and full captions should be provided explaining what the picture is about. Short headings are not wanted.

### READ THE RULES

Readers intending to enter the competition are advised to read the rules carefully, particularly with regard to the size of entries and to the writing of captions.

Readers are also reminded that current pictures are not the only ones eligible. Photographs taken in previous years will qualify as long as they are the entrants' own work.

All entries should be either posted or delivered to the Editor, the China Mail, 1-3 Wyndham Street, Hongkong. All entries should be in envelopes with a cardboard backing to avoid damage.

## Rules And Regulations

1. Entry is free.
2. One entrant may submit two photographs in each section.
3. All entries must be accompanied by the printed slip below, duly completed and signed.
4. All entries must be preferably on glossy-finish paper and measure 6 x 8 or larger.
5. All entries must carry a caption adequately describing the photograph.
6. Retouched photographs will not be accepted.
7. Photographs should be topical but good news photographs taken in previous years are acceptable.
8. The China Mail cannot accept entries from any members of the staff or their families of the South China Morning Post Ltd.
9. Photographs known to have been published in any newspaper, magazine or periodical in this Colony or in any part of the world will not be accepted.
10. All entries submitted become the property of the China Mail and the China Mail reserves the right to exhibit and publish some or all of the entries at a later date.
11. All photographs must have been taken in Hongkong by the entrant.
12. The editor reserves the right to refuse any entry if it is considered in any way offensive, or if it is otherwise unsuitable.
13. The China Mail reserves the right to determine the size of each published picture.
14. No responsibility can be accepted for any deficiencies claimed either in processing or printing but every effort will be made to reproduce photographs to the best of this newspaper's ability.
15. The judges' decision is final and no complaints or appeals will be entertained.

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

## A Clinical Diagnosis Of Love IT'S ONLY HYPNOSIS!

### TV Chimp Cools Off



Popular — especially with the youngsters — is Keith-cliffe the Manchester Television Chimpanzee — but even he finds things a little hot in the heat-wave and stops for a long — lovely — cooling drink — between rehearsals for his next performance.—Keystone Photo.

### STUDENTS ADVISED TO MARRY

Chicago. Marriage should be added too the curriculum of college students in order to make them "mature, self-directed, responsible young adults," according to a sociology professor.

Read Bain of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, informed scholars attending a conference at Northwestern University here that "marriage is a maturing experience."

In a paper distributed to the visiting scholars, he said it was advisable for college students to get married before the end of their sophomore year.

Although he linked living and learning as part of the maturing process, Bain also had some cautionary comments. He said he was against the idea of students entering college to find a spouse, and said the only students who should be admitted to college are those who have the desire and ability to enter the professions.—United Press.

### THREE WIVES: 'I AM IN A MESS'

Houston. Johnny L. Weidner, a 25-year-old Houston bus driver, was free on \$1,000 bond put up by one of his three wives.

Weidner, a tall, handsome man, was clapped in jail on bigamy charges after one of his wives learned of his other two. "I'm in a mess," he said ruefully.

Mrs Dorothy Weidner, an 18-year-old brunette, put up the bail. Weidner married her and Mrs Jo Ann Weidner between April 27 and June 15.

LEGAL ONE His legal wife, from whom he had separated, is Mrs Jean Weidner. Sheriff's deputies said they arrested Weidner after he left Dorothy at one address and went out, popping Aquadale out of his car, to marry up one of the girls as he drove his city bus.

Jean, who said she had known him since he was 10, said "If Johnny married anybody, it's because he thinks he's divorced. I didn't have any money so I just flat didn't do anything about the divorce." She said she hadn't heard about his third wife.

Weidner said he actually had been married once before but got an annulment from that one.—United Press.

### OPEN-TOE SANDALS FOR GI

San Pedro. The Army admitted today that Pfc John Ano, 23, of Trenton, N.J., was assigned as a clerk at Ft MacArthur here because of his big feet.

The 6-foot, 3-inch soldier has feet which measure 12½ inches long and require size 10 shoes. The best the Army could come up with was size 14 foot wear—too tight.

So Ano couldn't be asked to drill. He wore his own shoes for the first year he was in the service but the shoes finally gave out. The private said he had solved his foot problem in civilian life by working for a shoe firm which he got custom built clodhoppers.

The Army even asked the Navy for help in locating a pair of shoes which would fit Ano. No luck and now Ano holds the distinction of being the only GI who wears open-toe sandals with a regulation uniform.—United Press.

## Woman's Craze For Bald Men Cured By It

London. WHAT is this thing called love?....The answer, a doctor suggests, is HYPNOSIS. Modern research in hypno-therapy, reports Dr S. J. van Pelt, seems to show that hypnosis is the secret of all sex-appeal.

The explanation is "suggestion implanted in the mind," he writes in the Journal of Medical Hypnotism.

He cites as an example "the bad old days of stage hypnotism, when it was common to see a young man dancing with, or attempting to kiss, a broom after being "persuaded" that the broom was his favourite actress.

### DISILLUSION

In the same way, a young man may declare that the girl he is marrying is an angel—and when others point out that she is a lazy good-for-nothing, the advice falls on deaf ears. He sees her as he imagines she is—he is literally hypnotised.

There may be disillusionment when the reality of marriage is entirely unlike the picture suggested.

### OBSESSION

Dr van Pelt quotes the case history of Mrs A, who had an obsession for bald men. She suggested that her husband, tall, dark, and handsome, should have a "Yul Brynner" haircut, but he refused.

His wife had a breakdown. "Investigation revealed that she had always been deeply attached to her father, who was bald. At work she began to feel attracted to bald men."

Mrs A's marriage was a success after hypno-therapy, convinced her that bald men no longer attracted her.

### A Little Peace

Knoxville. Mrs Lillian Walters Rutherford, 70, has sued for annulment of her one-month old marriage to Mac B. Rutherford, 30.

Her petition says they are wholly unattached for each other.—United Press.

### Hillbilly Holds City Fathers To A Draw

Iowa City. An amateur hillbilly musician held the City Fathers to a draw in a dispute over a house-moving project, while neighbours complained and police established a 24-hour guard around the house.

The musician, Max Yocum, wanted to move his house two miles, so he dragged it into the street. He is a house-mover by trade, and a musician on the side.

But other Iowa City residents complained that Yocum wasn't hip to the snip. He cut tree limbs carelessly, they said.

### IN THE MIDDLE

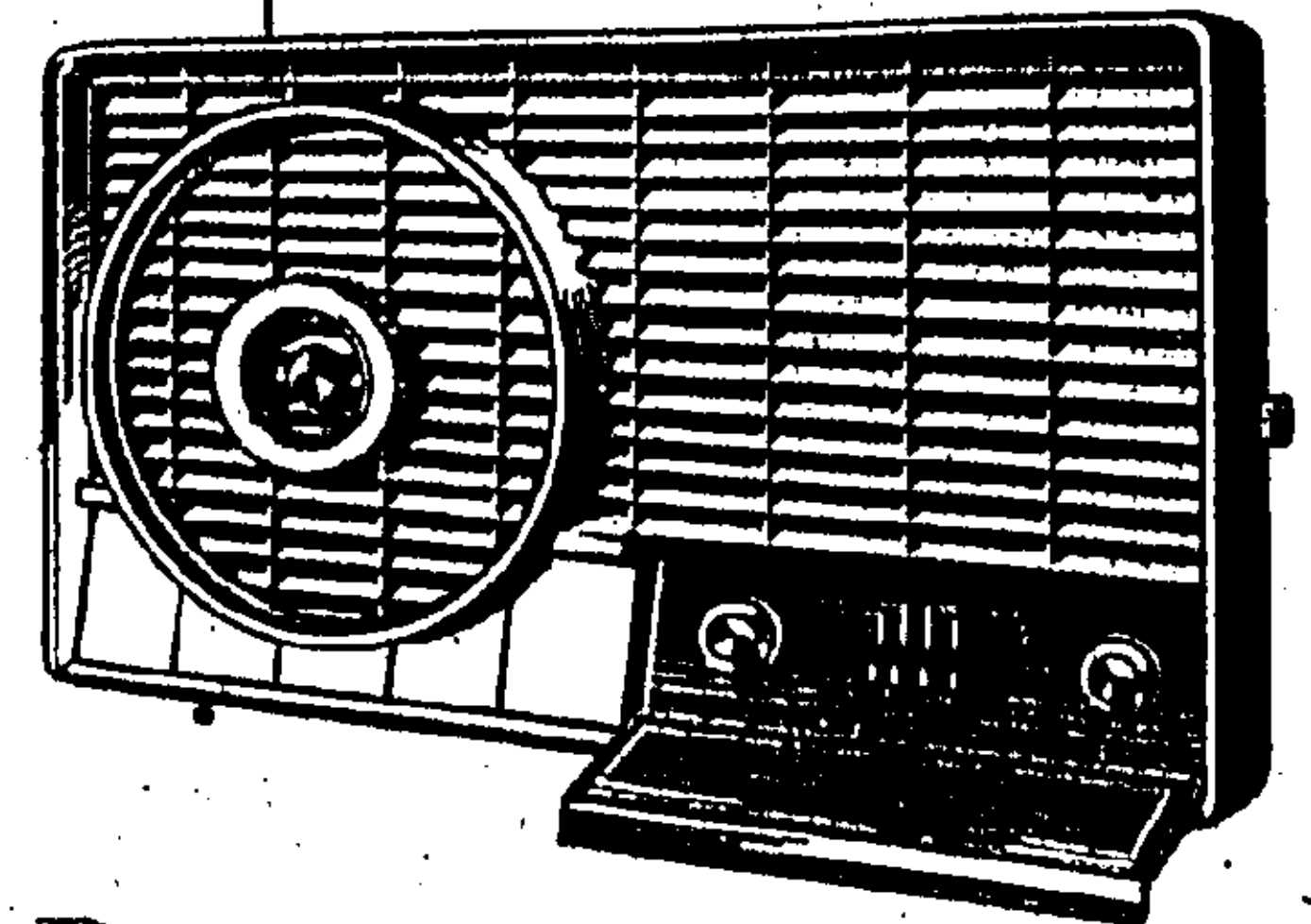
The City Fathers heard the chorus of cries and ordered Yocum to halt—right in the middle of the street.

They put a 24-hour police guard on the building. The City said that the roof would have to come off before the house could be moved, but Yocum said that was not his line of work.

The City said it would remove the roof if Yocum would move his house. He accepted, and now the house is in a new location—minus a roof.—United Press.

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HONGKONG CONCERT ORCHESTRA

AT THE

REPULSE BAY HOTEL

CONDUCTOR: VICTORY ARDY

LEADER: FRED CARPIO

SUNDAY, JULY 28, 9 P.M.

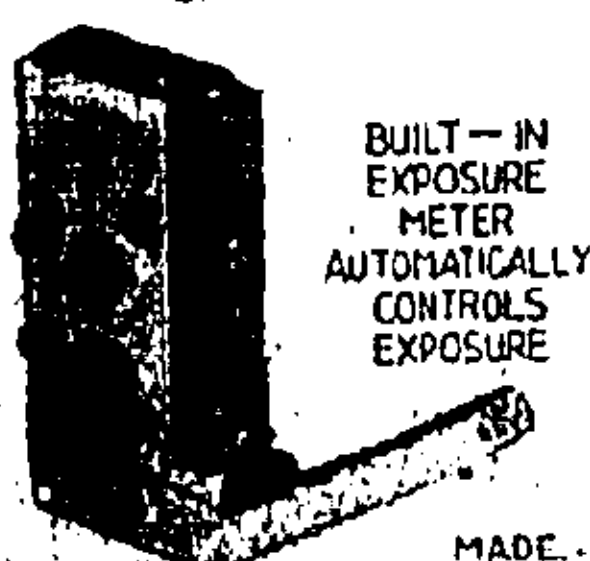
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KOWLOON: MOUTRIES, RADIO PEOPLE

Book Early

Come Early

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Entrant's declaration: This photograph (these photographs) is (are) my own work and was (were) taken in Hongkong in (year) .... (month) .....

SIGNED .....

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL

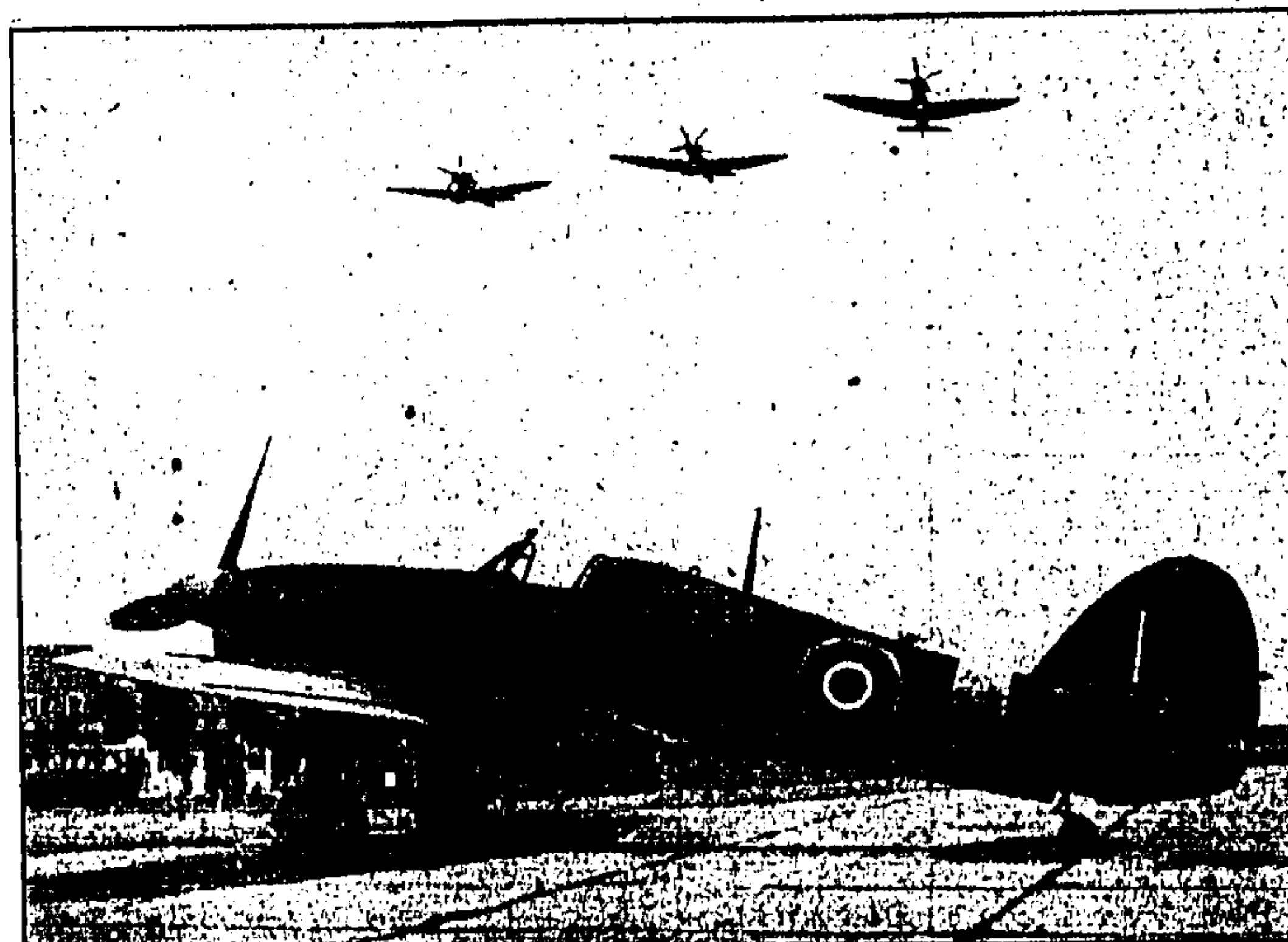


"Have a spot for my birthday," Colleen Dicks of Cookham thought that measles had robbed her of a party this year. No one wanted to come — till Dr Charles Stevens, director of Britain's National Spastics Society, decided it was "time for measles" for his five daughters. Explained Dr Stevens: "We believe girls should get over it young. If an expectant mother contracts the infection there is a danger that her child may be spastic." Express



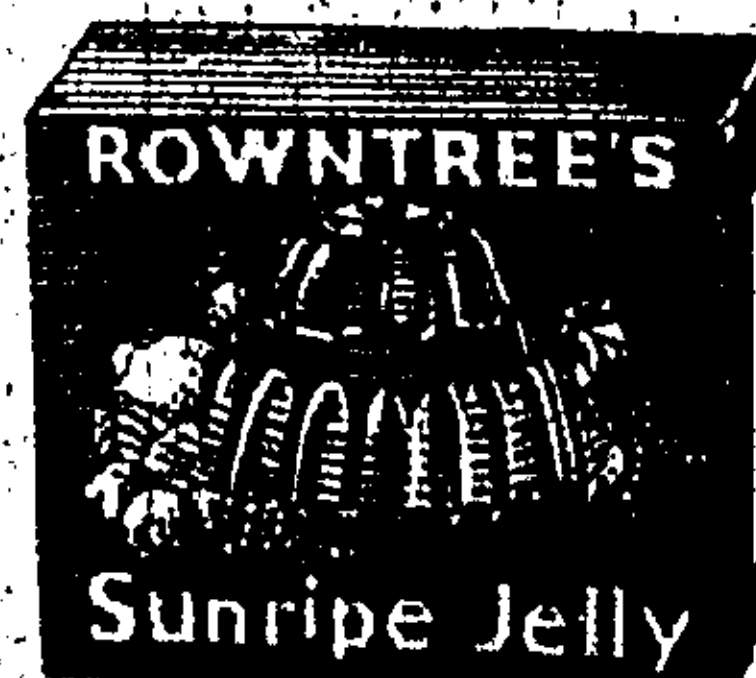
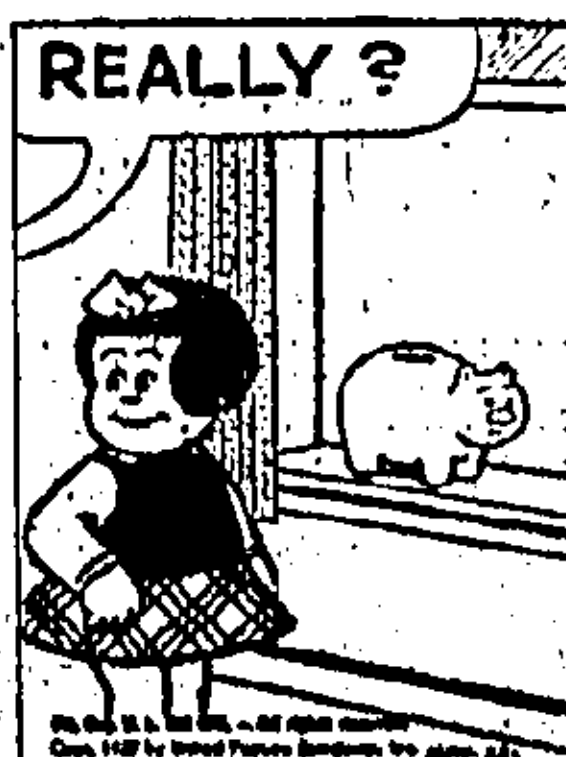
LEFT: Mr Harold Macmillan at Church House urges England "to bury once and for all the rivalries of centuries" and join the European common market with enthusiasm. But he warned, "I must be frank. We believe that there is a real danger that in trying to create unity new divisions may follow." Express

THE THREE remaining Spitfires in the RAF are seen flying into Biggin Hill to join Fighter Command's only remaining Hurricane. The machines will be maintained as historical relics for ceremonial fly pasts. LEFT: Three famous Battle of Britain pilots chatting by one of the planes after landing. RIGHT: The three in the air on arrival, and the one Hurricane on the ground which they come to join. Keystone Press



By Ernie Bushmiller

## NANCY



Sisterly advice—High Commissioner in London Madame Pandit, leans forward and touches her brother Mr Nehru at a press conference at India House. There had been a tricky question, and the two had a short conference before answering. Express

LEFT: The Queen Mother in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, is seen at an official garden party given in her honour.



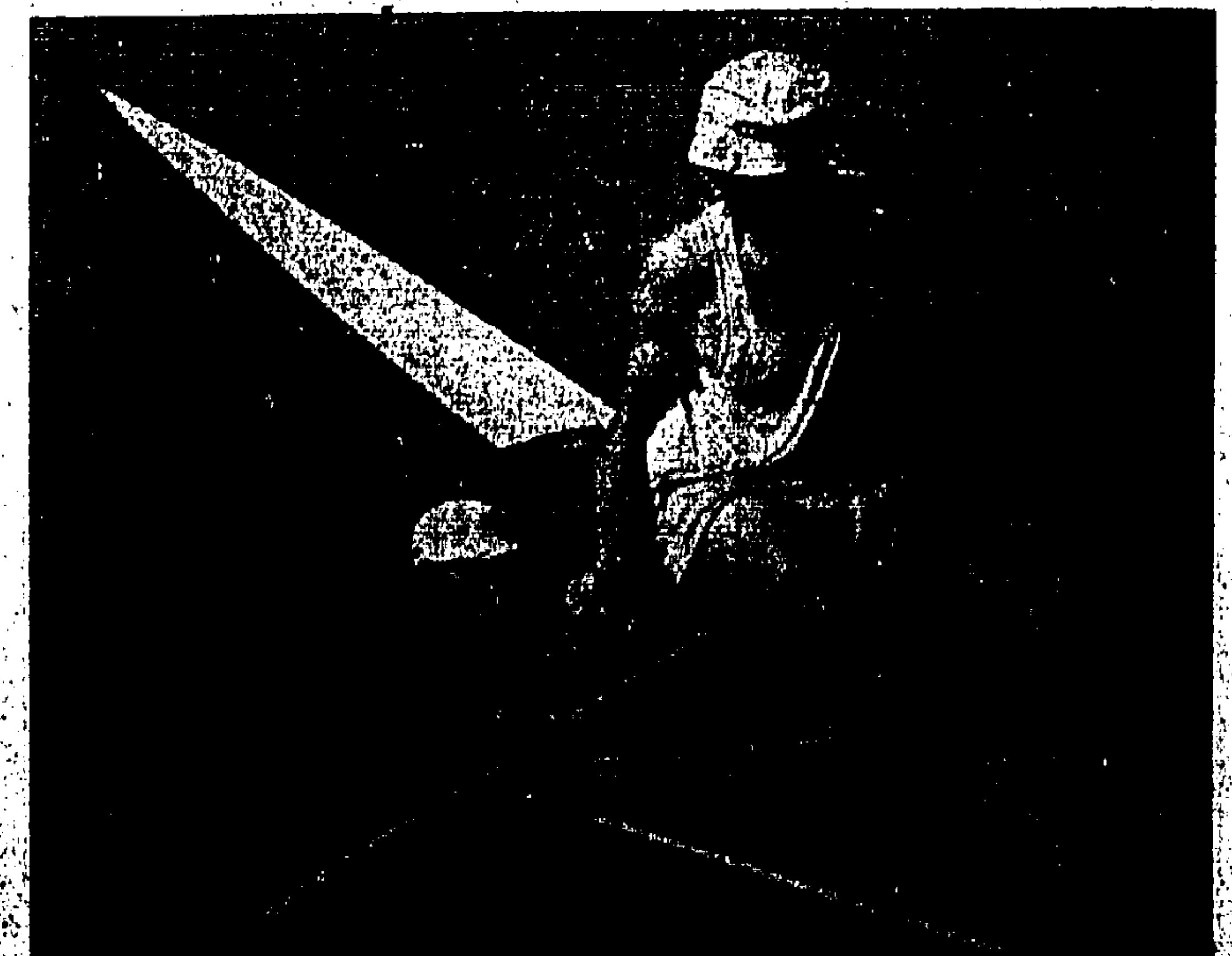
RIGHT: Dead-eye Colin got a .22 rifle from his father for his 9th birthday two years ago. He is seen here at Bisley where he won the Douglas Eyrne Memorial Challenge Trophy with 399 out of 400; tied for first place in the under-18s with 200/200; won the Bisley Master Shot Badge with 298/300; and became a member of the select "400 Club." He fired his first shot 18 months ago. Express

LEFT: Seen at a reception at the Dorchester Hotel in London when the Moroccan Ambassador, Prince Moulay El-Hassan, celebrated his 29th birthday and was invested as Crown Prince. He is seen with Princess Lola Fatima Zahara and the Spanish Ambassador, the Duke de Primo de Rivera. Express



RIGHT: Dressed for Buckingham Palace, 19-year-old Lea Rasmussen was chosen by the Danish YWCA to visit Buckingham Palace to sell roses for charity. Reasons for the choice... Lea spoke good English; she had done so much work for the YWCA; and she fitted one of their three national costumes. Express

BELOW: Sporting gesture—Soviet Olympic champion Ivanov jumped into the Thames at Henley and swam over to congratulate Australia's giant Stuart McKenzie who had just beaten him and won the "Diamond Sculls." Express







"YOU say hiring Sabrina to lead youth in ain't creeping round the judges. WE say it is."

## The Man Who Found Magic

AROUND are the small coral  
beaches... palm-fringed  
lagoons... flaming hibiscus  
blooms... and startled  
girls with skin like the clear  
velvet fold of a peach.

Who has not dreamed of  
getting Away From It All to  
a paradise in the South Seas?  
One man had that dream... a  
romantic, inquisitive young  
cadet in the Colonial Service.  
His name was ARTHUR  
GRIMBLE.

In his pen there was all the  
magic of the South Seas. His  
book—A Pattern of Islands—  
became the most exciting  
best-seller.

In the minds of the millions of  
people who fell under  
Grimble's spell and who have  
read and re-read his book,  
there has been one question:  
"Would he ever write an-  
other?"

Grimble gave a hint at the  
end of A Pattern of Islands.

"As the end of the  
leave I borrowed \$100  
to pay my way back to  
the Pacific and leave the  
family in funds until I  
arrived there. I did not  
see them again for several  
years. But that is an-  
other story."

Now that other story can be  
told. There is another  
Grimble book. He was  
finishing it just before he died  
a few months ago. It is a  
book that has all the excitement  
ment of his first....

As YOU READ IT YOU WILL

HEAR THE PACIFIC  
BREAKERS BEATING ON  
THOSE FRIENDLY SHORES  
...YOU TOO WILL FALL  
UNDER THE SPELL OF  
THE GAY AND LOVABLE  
ISLANDERS.

He called it—  
RETURN TO THE  
ISLANDS

It is to be serialised by the  
CHINA MAIL

The first long extract will  
appear NEXT SATURDAY.

## The Booming Bankrupt

WHAT'S  
THE SECRET?

FROM SYDNEY SMITH  
PARIS.

MY greengrocer putted  
three slender boxes  
of lettuce and said: "I  
paid £11 wholesale for that  
lot this morning—that is  
why I cannot sell you a  
tiny one for less than  
2s. 0½d."

My tomatoes to go with it  
cost just a little more a pound  
than chicken—5s. 2d.

The girl in the local One Price  
store where I bought a tube of  
toothpaste—increased of price 3d.  
—was looking unusually gay.  
She has just had a salary rise  
from a minimum of £23 a  
month to £30—she and more  
than 10,000 others in France's  
biggest stores.

## ICES TAX

IN the baker's shop there were  
protests. Pastry and ice-  
cream and anything with sugar  
felicitous on it, as well as sweets,  
have just all been swept into  
the luxury tax area along with  
furs, jewellery and household  
electrical equipment from  
vacuum cleaners to mixers.

Every shop in the district is  
cutting credit on hire purchases  
—less time to pay more.

Even the Post Office and the  
petrol pump are in it. From this  
week my phone and my stamps  
go up one-third in price, my  
super-grade petrol nearly 1s.  
10d. a gallon.

In fact in just 10 minutes  
wait along my shopping street  
in Boulogne, a western suburb  
of Paris which is a twin municipi-  
ality with Hambleton, is  
written on every price tag in  
every shop the story of the  
biggest financial crisis which has  
hit France since the war.

France is a booming bankrupt.  
Living at the moment on £1,000  
million worth of credit with a  
vast capital fortune—and no  
ready hand cash.

## AUSTERITY

THE new French Government  
cannot hold the price freeze  
any longer, and it is estimated  
that by next September 15,000-  
000 French salaries will au-  
tomatically have to increase by  
five or 10 per cent.

France at the moment is only  
one-tenth of a point off the cost-  
of-living index level which  
makes a nation-wide wage in-  
crease compulsory. And that  
one-tenth was only avoided last  
month by a potato subsidy.

The cost-of-living spiral will  
earn for the French from this  
week on the biggest Govern-  
ment austerity drive imposed by  
any post-war Government.

Every price, from hotel tariffs  
to the price of a glass of mineral  
water, is beginning to soar.

## THE WEDGE

DEVALUATION is being  
rumoured, as over. But it  
is the last and most desperate  
thing any French Government  
dare try to do, and it is not like-  
ly immediately.

Yet tourists from Britain and  
other countries entering France  
with cheap francs (up to one-  
fifth below the current Paris  
rates) are operating a form of  
devaluation.

One foreign observer said in  
Paris: "This is a de facto  
devaluation. It is the thin end  
of the devaluation wedge."

## THE MYSTERY CLUB

APPLEBY prefaced his story by handing round what  
in court would be called an exhibit. It was a  
photograph—of the largest size one commonly meets with  
—of an elderly lady in evening dress. She had a tiara  
and diamonds and an ostrich-feather fan.

"Was she murdered?" I asked  
hopefully.

"Dear me, no. It's Angela  
Jeff," he murmured.

And of course Lady Angela  
Jeff it was. But Plumbridge was  
determined not to be impressed.

"Ah, yes. The daughter of  
some obscure earl, who married  
in Mr Jeff somebody obscure  
still. And certainly there seems  
nothing out-of-the-way about her."

"Nor about her photograph?"

Appleby said.

"Absolutely not."

Appleby was delighted. "Quite  
so," he said. "And there's the  
rub."

"I can imagine her as painted  
by Plumbridge," I said. "A  
frankly cosmetic surface, sur-  
rounding faded blue eyes."

"And her hair," Appleby  
asked, "—would that be blue  
too?"

"Of course not." I checked  
myself. "But yes—of course.  
That sort of blue-tinted wash  
that has been all the go among  
ladies of a certain age."

"Precisely. Lady Angela went  
in for that blue tint in rather  
a big way. Having decided that  
her hair was a success—"

Appleby broke off. "But I'm not  
telling this story very well. Of  
course, it's more difficult than  
any of your stories. Because of  
its being scientific, you know."

"What do you mean—  
scientific?" I asked.

"Well, all your stories, though  
highly diverting, have  
been pretty well out of the ark."

"They've all happened within  
the last 12 months, but they  
might have happened at any  
time during the last 50 years."

Not so with Lady Angela. She  
is extremely up to date.

"Having decided to favour  
blue hair, she proceeded to  
elect blue diamonds as well."

Appleby tapped the photograph.  
"Those are blue."

## OLD IDEA

Lady Angela was certainly  
wearing what appeared to be a  
striking necklace of diamonds.  
But none of us was very im-  
pressed. "There's nothing par-  
ticularly up-to-date about blue  
diamonds," Warriner said. "I  
can remember my mother—"

"No doubt," Appleby cut this  
interpolation short.

"Blue diamonds have always  
come from time to time from  
the mines. But this is a matter  
of artificial tinting. Lady Angela  
decided to have her diamonds  
tinted."

"And there was nothing to  
stop her. It's something that  
has become feasible just within  
the last few months. The atomic  
research people will do it for  
you."

"Is it commercially advan-  
tageous?" Plumbridge asked.

"That's debatable. But the  
diamonds were Lady Angela's  
absolute property, to do what  
she liked with. Her husband the  
obscure Mr Jeff had very little  
influence with her. In point of  
fact, he was something of an  
adventurer, and her marriage to  
him—late in life—had proved to  
be socially rather an embarrass-  
ment."

"I ought to mention that  
although the lady had no  
children by Jeff, there was in  
fact a daughter by a previous  
marriage. And her first hus-  
band, it seems, had no great  
confidence in her sagacity for he  
left the child's affairs entirely  
in the hands of his solicitor, a  
shrewd old person called Closs."

"Closs did his best to keep on  
good terms with Lady Angela,  
since she had a substantial  
private fortune—including her  
diamonds—which he hoped to  
see go eventually to the  
daughter."

"At the same time Closs was  
disposed—as you may well  
imagine—to keep a pretty sharp  
eye on the Jeff money."

"Appleby paused to light his  
pipe, and Byatt offered a com-

ment. "The watchful Closs  
didn't take to the idea of letting  
the atom-busting chaps have  
their fun with the family  
diamonds?"

He didn't like it a bit. But  
when he tried to enlist the sup-  
port—for what it was worth—of  
the Inconsiderable Jeff, he got  
himself roundly snubbed.

"Jeff thought that his aristo-  
cratic wife would look wonder-  
ful in blue diamonds. He even  
made an uneasy joke about their  
matching her blue blood."

"Some time later, he heard  
that the transmission—or  
whatever it is the correct word for  
it—had taken place. So when he  
met Jeff one afternoon in a club  
he decided to mention the  
matter again in a spirit of  
accommodation."

"I mean that Closs thought it  
would be diplomatic not to  
appear to cut up rusty over spill  
milk. He said he believed Lady  
Angela looked charming in her  
transformed jewels and he  
hoped he might have the  
pleasure of seeing her in them  
one day."

"And now I must tell you  
how I entered the affair myself.  
It was again a matter of a  
meeting in a club Closs—whom  
I've known slightly for many  
years—passed across a weekly  
paper to me."

"What I saw was a repro-  
duction of this—and Appleby  
again tapped the photograph.  
"and when he gathered that I  
knew nothing about Lady Angela  
or her husband he told me the  
facts of the case much as I've  
told them to you now."

## NO CAUSE

"He hadn't, he confessed,  
much rational cause for being  
amused. Whether or not the  
diamonds had dropped in value  
as a result of their adventure  
was something he had taken  
expert advice on, and it seemed  
to be an open question. More-  
over, Lady Angela was a per-  
fectly good friend both with her  
daughter and with Closs himself."

"But it just did vex him to see  
her posing there, with her blue  
hair and her freshly trans-  
formed jewels. He could  
almost imagine the damned  
thing as it would look he said  
if it was twopence coloured."

"I had another glance at the  
photograph and I asked Closs if  
he was certain it had been  
taken after the stones had been  
turned blue. He replied rather  
testily that there was no  
question of it. Lady Angela  
herself had described to him  
how her first action on getting  
the things back from the  
laboratory had been to dress up  
and summon a photographer."

Appleby paused for a moment.  
"And at that, of course, I sug-  
gested to Closs that we had  
better set about having the  
obscure Jeff put inside."

"Inside?" Byatt asked blankly.

"In quod Jeff had been  
repressing."

Perhaps because we were an  
elderly lot and indeed only fit  
for the ark, we merely stared at  
Appleby.

What was wrong with the  
photograph? he said. "Was  
precisely that there was nothing  
wrong with it. The residual  
radio-activity in tinted dia-  
monds would be very slight.  
But it would be sufficient, after  
that short interval of time, to  
produce an unmistakable fuzz  
upon a photographic plate. In  
Lady Angela's photograph every  
detail was entirely clear-cut."

"We could be quite certain,  
then, that although the necklace  
in which Lady Angela had been  
photographed might have been  
blue, it had never been inside  
that laboratory."

"And what had happened  
soon became clear. Jeff had  
stated upon his wife's entry in  
order to do himself quite a bit

## The tinted diamonds



London Express Service  
"Was she murdered?"  
I asked hopefully.

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It was not one quest only—but all quests; not one bride only—but all,



and he came  
from the ends  
of the earth to find her

## THIS LOVELY SERIOUS GIRL

This is the saga of Eddie and Sophy. A love-story which bloomed quietly under the withering spotlight of scornful publicity. A quest which did not conform to all Grandmother's traditional standards—but with a happy ending which she surely benignly directs from the ancestral Heaven.

Eddie set out to do what his father ordered, and had done before him—return from the States to the Chinese homeland and find a bride—ideally a maiden from his own village.

Yet Eddie and his grandmother nearly wrecked the venture at the outset. Before leaving the States Eddie wrote a magazine article entitled "I want to marry an American girl." He explains that this meant an American girl of Chinese origin.

Doubtless this effort showed commendable enterprise (the fee for the article paid the fare to Hongkong) but it roused of contradictory reaction to the parent's edit.

Press releases of the magazine article appeared in Hongkong shortly after Eddie's arrival here, in July 1955. In an attempt to locate Eddie, a Chinese newspaper reporter of forceful personality invaded Grandmother's all-female establishment at North Point.

There, he must have been a remarkable reporter, he won everybody's confidence, and learned of the reason for Eddie's visit—according to Grandmother—and her views on the essentials necessary in a bride-to-be. Fourteen qualifications she laid down and these

points were listed as "Eddie's 14 commandments for choosing a wife."

Then the fat was in the fire. Publicity beat down on Eddie's defenceless head. Explain as he might, he reaped only humorous comment, a spate of vituperative correspondence, embarrassment, sometimes active antagonism, a few friends, and the gold-diggers' rush.

### Romantic Crusader

Here was an eligible and personable young man—not quite a Mr. Universe—but with a deep in the right place. He had laughing eyes, a sparkling personality, tremendous sense of fun, and moreover, a father with a house in Miami, Florida. What girl would remain impervious to so romantic a crusader on the age-old quest for one alone?

Grandmother took the reins firmly into her shapely old hands. She arranged formal introductions with girls of suitable background in the presence of their families. She

came to realise that a village maiden could hardly face the responsibilities and social obligations of life abroad with this modern grandson, so unlike his father.

At one interview Grandmother stared shrewdly at one self-possessed young teen-ager. With this merciless scrutiny she mentally noted the condition of skin, hair, teeth, eyes, ears, wrists, feet and ankles.

The girl turned to Eddie and said "Why did you come here?" He replied "To make my grandmother happy. Why did you come?"

She explained that she was in disgrace because she returned late from a picture show. To atone, she had promised her parents to attend this meeting. She was not ready to leave school and go to the Golden Mountain (America).

"You don't want to get married, do you?" "No—I want to finish school." "Gee, I don't want to get married either. I want to finish law school!"

They laughed together until Grandmother rebuked them for talking in the devil's language and ended the interview.

Grandmother was tireless. She appeared each day with new photographs brought to her by the marriage arrangers, and the lists of qualifications which they provided. Till one day Eddie snapped. "Look here Grandmother—you won't have to marry the girl. I will have to marry her. And when I do I'll have to live with her the rest of my life."

To his surprise, Grandmother laughed and agreed. She was 36 years old and had lived a good life. Before she died she told Eddie that environment made a great difference and added difficulty to his task.

She insisted that he should continue to look for a girl with a face of fortune.

From shy debutantes straight from the school-room, Eddie turned to glamorous sophisticates from the movie world. He met aloof intellectuals who showed plainly that they found him wanting.

### Champagne Sparkle

So Eddie blew through Hongkong Society with the sparkle of champagne, but no more alcohol than Coca-Cola. He was the most eligible young man within miles of the Star Ferry—and his fame, carried by the Chinese newspapers, in that



brilliant but not very serious report of an interview with his grandmother, spread from Hongkong to Formosa, Manila, and all stops east to Florida itself. From which some of his reported exploits brought minor explosions of parental authority. To a lot of girls Eddie seemed the most wonderful thing that had ever struck Hongkong. With currency and passport in the most marvellous "Colour" Eddie was too popular. He hardly had time to breathe.

Sickening of giddy socialites who drank and flirted too freely, he saw one day the face of his fortune in a girl who had

He decided at last to take the plunge.

Escorting her home one evening, he asked for a drink of water. His throat was so dry he could hardly talk. He followed her into the kitchen and there, downing the cold water at one gulp, he summoned all his courage and proposed. She seemed shocked but explained gently that she had no wish to be married. It was Eddie's turn to be shocked.

But she promised to let him have her final answer in a week. A week later the phone rang, and he was as jumpy as a kitten. Sophy's quiet voice was



been around practically all the time. The quieter elder sister of a popular pair who were always in demand for dances and parties.

He felt queer, his confidence had evaporated, this girl was different. She could be good fun, a sympathetic listener and she had travelled round the world, yet when the others were picnicking, she talked with villagers of spiritual things. She had attended religious assemblies in England and America. Eddie had never felt like this about anyone before.

Trying to explain, he said: "She sort of struck me—out of the blue."

But it wasn't. It was Sophy saying she'd take the long plunge too.

Sophy's background was quite different from Eddie's. Her mother had been born in Peking, had married a Greek, Vlachos, and settled for a time in Shanghai, where Sophy was born. A sister Madeleine and younger brother George completed the family. They had moved to Manila, lived in the United States for some time...

## THE THREE GENERATION GONGS

The sun was hot and the harvest was home. Three farm-hands were slaking their thirst with corn liquor at a bar in Georgia. Their lazy eyes alighted upon the small active figure of a Chinese laundryman busy at his ironing board, his long queue swinging with his energetic movements.

Suddenly three torpid minds seized that irresistible queue.

One languid youth leapt into action. "I'll do it," he cried and opening his pocket knife, crossed the clearing and bore off his trophy—a Chinese pigtail.

The laundryman gave chase, brandishing a butcher's knife and yelling loudly.

Later they became the best of friends—the laundryman with a Western haircut—thin edge of the westernisation wedge.

This laundryman had left Hoi Ping, Kwangtung Province and emigrated to the United States in the latter end of the last century, to settle in Georgia, at least 60 miles away from his nearest fellow countryman—doubtless to avoid competition in business. He would send for his son as soon as he reached his teens.

His name was Chau Ling-gong. So of course in America he was "Chau" for short. Officially he was "Mr Gong."

Joe Fred Chau (later he got tired of explaining and just put up with "Gong") had met missionaries in China and become a Baptist. He joined his father in Georgia when he was 15 years old, and branching out on his own, was soon the proprietor of a grocery store.

When he was 24, his father sent him back to China to find a maiden

from his own village and make her his wife.

He knew that his bride would have to remain in the village with his mother and submit to her will and training for a while—but he determined that he would have a wife who would join him in the States one day and not remain always in China as his mother had done.

But he accepted his mother's complete authority and ruling about a suitable choice, making only one condition... that he must see the girl before the wedding. This was difficult as it was not possible for young women to meet and talk with strangers and a good girl was too shy to look up as she passed a man.

Strategy was called for, so Joe Gong frequented the narrow paths between the paddy fields where the villagers strolled—other people used the broader highway. When he saw the chosen maiden approaching he made his mother sit under a tree, and holding a large black umbrella low, advanced along the causeway through the paddy.

The girl was wearing a wide-brimmed straw hat which would have collided with the umbrella had she not swiftly tilted it upwards. He lifted his umbrella high at the same moment and was rewarded by a wide-eyed gaze of a girl trying to keep her equilibrium and at the same time maintain standards of decorum.

Joe Gong lost both and hastening back to his mother cried in Toi Shan dialect "Oh, Momma, buy that one for me!"

Mr and Mrs Gong are now in Hongkong for the wedding of their third generation American only son Eddie—next Thursday.

where Sophy had some schooling (I want to marry an American girl) So with Sophy—the two-year hunt was up.

### Not There

Eddie—well endowed product of Hoi Ping—Miami—Harvard—and the U.S. Air Force—had found his ideal girl. But what was she? Where had he found her?

She was not found where he first looked—among the pretty faces.

Though beautiful, it was not Sophy's beauty that outshone all the others. She had won no beauty competitions... made no movies.

She was not found where his grandmother searched—among solid family backgrounds.

Sophy is only half Chinese and cosmopolitan with her

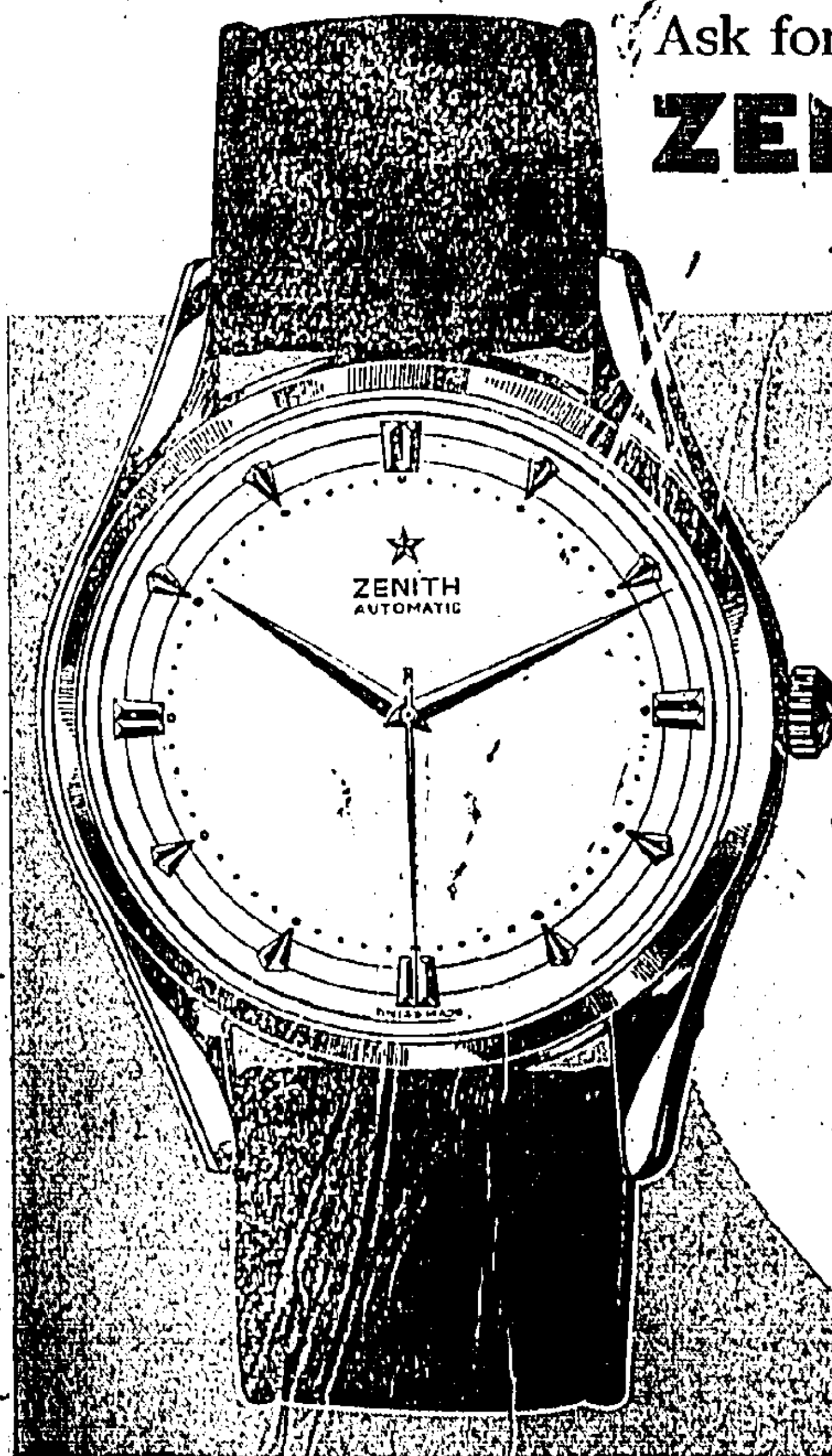
constantly changing environment. Her home is happier now than throughout her childhood, but she does not come from families, wealthy, powerful or established.

Eddie found his ideal girl possessing things he least expected to look for—spiritual reserves. For Sophy is a Christian and practises her religion.

His quest has ended happily and I am sure that Grandmother is content. The bride-to-be has the delicacy of contour and character of a Jane Austen heroine.

She is a young Jennifer Jones of radiating refinement and the glow of deep happiness. She has stepped out of girlhood and is a woman chosen and loved. She has the lustre and luminous quality of a precious pearl, or a shining soul.

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THEY WERE PROPAGATING WRONG IDEAS



# This Great Convulsion

## Why They Lost Out

by SEFTON DELMER

AS I SEE THIS NEWS FROM RUSSIA, THE FIRST INFERENCE MUST BE THAT KRUSHCHEV IS MAKING A RUTHLESS—MAYBE EVEN DESPERATE—BID TO SAVE HIS SOVIET REGIME FROM FURTHER DISASTERS.

He has at one and the same time eliminated the diehard Stalinist champions of absolute party authority, Comrades Molotov and Kaganovich, as well as the two liberals, Malenkov and Shepilov, who could challenge his own leadership of the "progressive anti-Stalinist" camp.

And now, backed by the army under his ally Marshal Zhukov—newly promoted to full membership of the Presidium—Krushchev means to put on his most agonising tightrope act yet; that of making concessions to Russia's rebels and decentralisers, while letting out bloodcurdling Stalinist barks of command to preserve authority.

All that is clear. But what is not yet clear is the why and wherefore. What has forced him to make this move which must inevitably rock not only the already quaking Communist Party but the whole Soviet world?

### 'KILL OR CURE'

I believe Krushchev has been forced into this kill or cure action by a whole set of factors and influences which he sees pulling the Soviet world into disaster.

These are:—  
1 The successful revolt against the control of party bureaucrats and doctrinaires and the rule of the central Moscow authority.

This revolt was begun by the army, who resented the interference of party ideologues—the so-called political commissars—and used the crisis following Stalin's death to smash them.

From the army the revolt spread to the technocrats—the factory managers, technicians, scientific experts—who all resented the handicapping control and intervention in their affairs by inept bureaucrats and ideologues.

The local governments have followed

suit, demanding—and getting—more and more authority that formerly belonged to the centre.

The process went even further, with revolt against the local governments "party inspired" interference as well.

Krushchev has tried now to stem this tide, to lead it and channel it into grooves which would preserve some authority for the party machine which he heads.

Right now I believe he is preparing for further concessions to the "decentralising" rebels while masking his concessions with proclamations of "unshakably firm party discipline and unity."

2 The nationalist revolt of the Soviet Union's European satellites led by Tito of Yugoslavia and Gomulka of Poland is spreading dangerously, despite the subjection of Hungary.

From Czechoslovakia come reports of Gomulka-inspired questioning of Party authority by intellectuals, technocrats, and army officers.

### AWKWARD

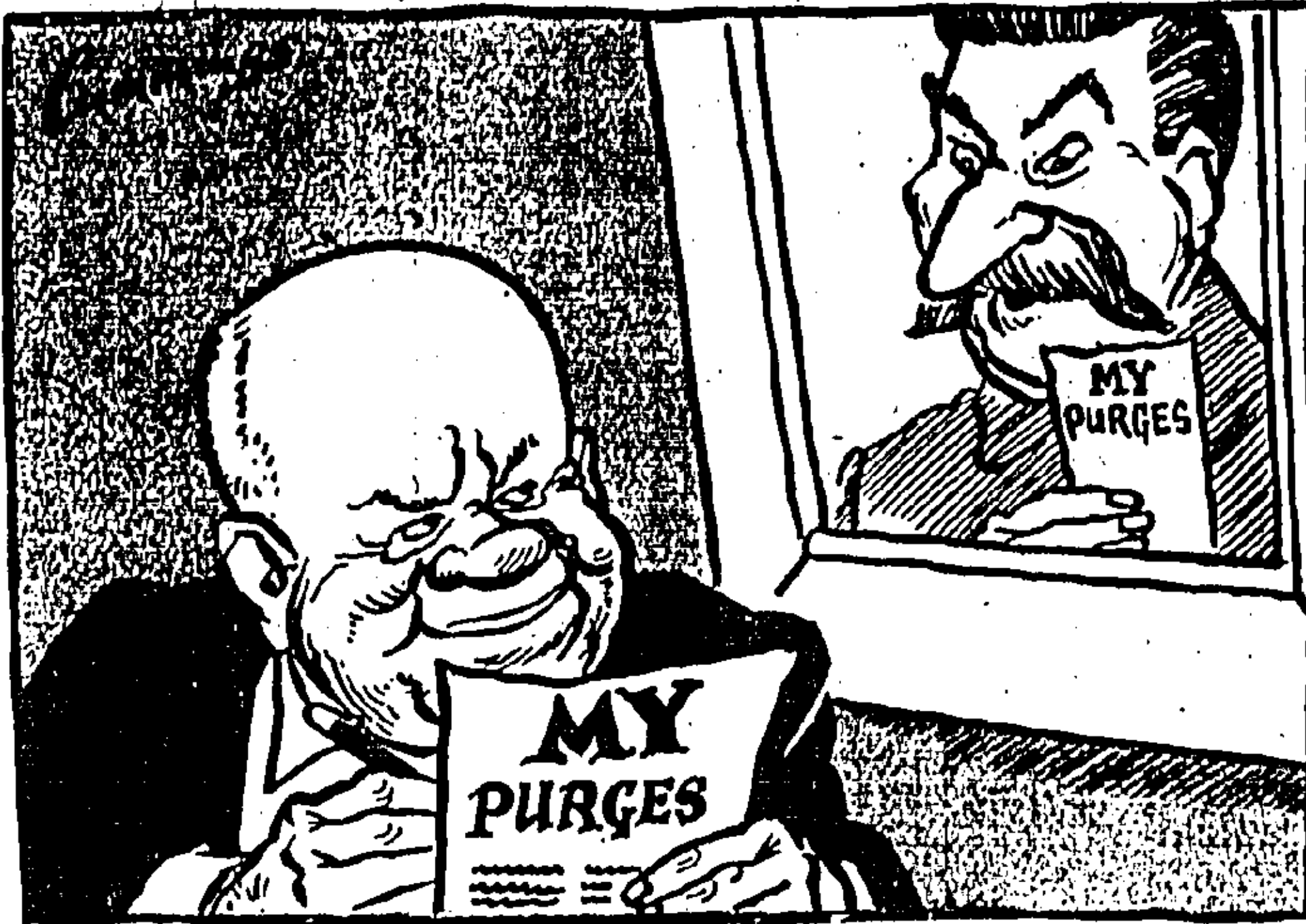
To deal with this difficult situation in Czechoslovakia and make concessions there as have been made in Poland, Krushchev requires authority at home—authority which he desperately hopes his new coup will give him.

The Czech revolt comes at a particularly awkward moment. For Krushchev was to have his house in order before the arrival in Moscow on his way to Warsaw and Prague of the next trouble factor....

3 Veteran Chinese Communist leader Mao Tse-tung is challenging the leadership of Moscow's Communist Party with a more liberal philosophy—more tolerant of local and national deviations. Krushchev wants desperately to be undisputed master in his own house before Mao arrives with his challenge.

So far there are no reports of the guns going off in this new crisis of crisis-harassed Krushchev.

AND IT IS MY HUNCH THAT KRUSHCHEV, BACKED BY THE SUPPLE MARSHAL ZHUKOV, WILL DO EVERYTHING TO KEEP THEM FROM FIRING EVEN IF IT MEANS GRANTING FRESH CONCESSIONS TO THE REBELS. COVERED BY STERN PROCLAMATIONS OF "SOCIALIST UNITY, SOLIDARITY AND DISCIPLINE."



WHY I (and the people I work among)

## WELCOME THE NEW PURGE

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

BRITISH Intelligence authorities believe that a new leakage of U.S. atomic secrets to Russia is behind the Kremlin showdown which has led to the expulsion of Molotov, Malenkov, and other disciples of Stalin.

If their reasoning is right the world has real hope of release from atomic fear for the first time since Hiroshima.

The atomic secrets concern the performance of the H-bombs being stockpiled for the U.S. Strategic Air Command and the plans for using them in retaliation to any provocation by Russia.

They have revealed that the U.S. weapons would release so much radioactive dust that the bombardment of relatively few key targets could make almost the whole of Russia uninhabitable.

### 'Scarlet....'

STRATEGIC Air Command plans now known to the Russians contain details of "scarlet areas" covering hundreds of thousands of square miles downwind of the H-bomb targets in which 80 per cent of the population would be casualties from "radiation sickness."

The Intelligence men believe Krushchev has realised that this development carries three immediate political consequences for Russia:—

1 IT DESTROYS Stalin's doctrine that Russia would win a global war because her size and scattered towns would enable her to absorb all the H-bombing the Allies could mount while they were being bombed out of existence by the Red Air Force.

The Kremlin chiefs can no longer take comfort from the existence of vast industrial and military installations "safe behind the Urals."

2 THE PARTY LINE conviction that Communism will eventually triumph as a result of an inevitable war with the West is no longer tenable.

3 ANY deliberate attempt to disrupt disarmament plans which could reduce the risk of H-bomb war is as dangerous to Russia as it is for the rest of the world.

### Thumps

MOLOTOV, the veteran Bolshevik whose foreign policy was based for years on the dogma of the Red Army's invincibility, could not bring himself to accept these conclusions. The Intelligence men believe, neither could Malenkov, Stalin's star pupil.

They continued to preach the inevitability of war with the West and—as Krushchev has revealed—did all they could to prevent atomic disarmament.

Krushchev is understood to have thumped the table and roared that war, far from being inevitable, was now impossible. He was apparently able to reinforce his arguments with detailed information that the H-bombs ready to be taken up at a moment's notice by the Strategic Air Command achieve their fantastic power of 60,000,000 tons of T.N.T. each by a process which sets free enormous quantities of radioactive dust.

The effect of this dust would be multiplied because for most of the key Russian targets the Strategic Air Command plans to explode the bombs on or near the ground.

Each explosion would suck up thousands of tons of debris which would be contaminated

with radioactivity and shower down over huge areas.

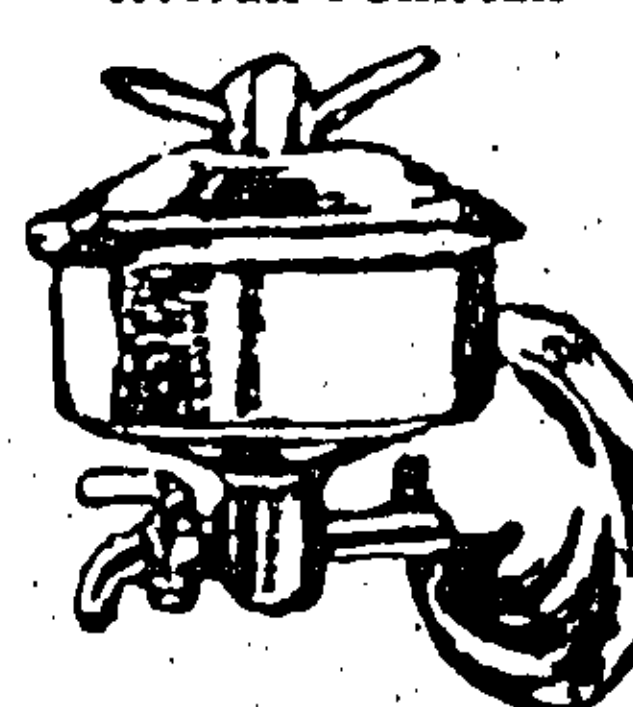
The Russians know they could produce the same devastating results in the U.S. and Britain for they too have devised and tested "dirty" bombs, though of lower power than the U.S. super-weapons. But this would be no recompense for an uninhabitable Russian homeland.

The "clean" bombs developed by the U.S. and Britain could bring no comfort to the Russian war-lords. Such bombs are being made mainly so that test explosions can be staged without causing a dangerous degree of radioactive fall-out.

They might be used for special purposes in war, but nobody I have questioned in defence departments in London or Washington believes that "dirty" bombs would be withheld in the first all-out assault which each side would launch.

"Dirty" bombs pack the biggest punch, and it is these weapons which make up the bulk of the U.S. strategic stockpile. If the Intelligence men are right, the latest shake-up in Moscow means that the chance of a global war touching itself off through "trigger-happines"—which is currently the greatest danger to mankind—has been reduced.

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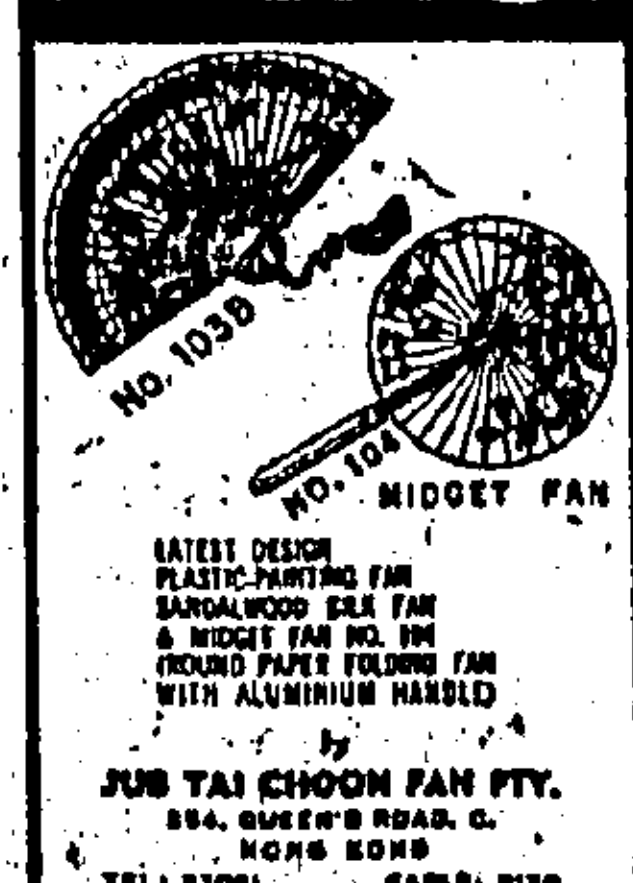


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## THE MOSCOW ROCK

From GEORGE GALE: Moscow.

ROCK 'n' roll has hit Russia. There I was, sitting down to dinner when suddenly the band blared out the unmistakable tune of "Shake, Rattle, and Roll."

To their feet got half the restaurant to go dancing. Moscow was rocking 'n' rolling.

At least the band was. The Muscovites themselves

did a sort of energetic quick step to the rhythm. But let's not quibble. This must be the most powerful Western influence to have hit Russia since Karl Marx.

From then on the night was made. A hunk-haired, pale-faced crooner got up and sang in English "Isn't It A Lovely Day To Be Caught In The Rain?"

I looked round. It could almost have been England. There was the inevitable short man dancing with a great, imperious-bosomed prima donna.

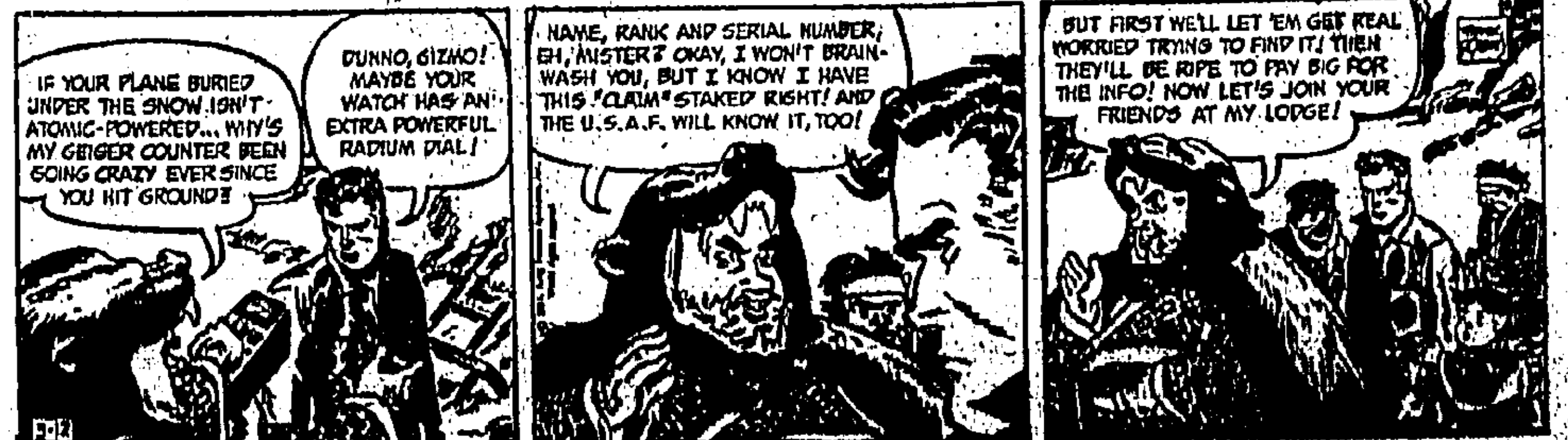
A spivvy character kept trying to get closer to his girl friend than she wanted. Two girls danced together, just like they do at the local hop.

The night ended with everybody on their feet dancing to the tune of "Swonderful." It was.

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



### JOHNNY HAZARD



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

By Frank Robbins

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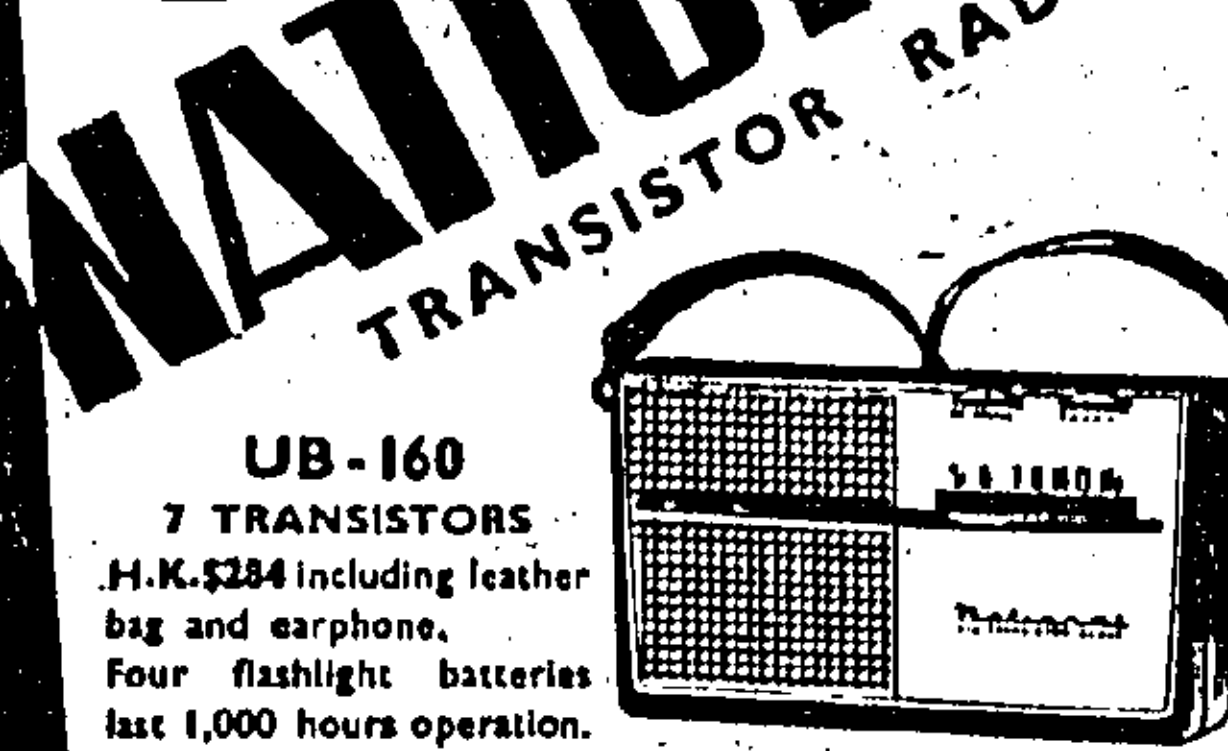
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## SHOW BUSINESS

## YES—NO SOPHIA

## puts Bergman in a whirl

I TELL an odd, behind-the-scenes story about Ingrid Bergman and Sophia Loren.

Miss Loren, the most successful of Italy's current statistical sirens, signed a contract recently to appear in *Stella*, which will be made in the U.K. in the autumn.

It should be one of the top films of the year. The director will be Sir Carol Reed; producer and writer, Carl Foreman; the other stars, William Holden and Trevor Howard.

But in the meantime Miss Loren has gone to Hollywood, filmed *Destiny Under the Elms* and agreed to start another film in August.

She is so busy that when producer Foreman inquired when she would be arriving for *Stella* as contracted, he was given evasive answers.

So he took his script to Paris and asked Ingrid Bergman if she would like to play the part. She read the script and promptly said yes.

Salary was agreed at around £80,000, which is what Miss Loren was to get.

But when Miss Loren heard that she might lose the part she immediately announced she would be arriving here at the beginning of October. As contracted.

So Miss Bergman has to drop out of the picture. Graciously.

My, in my opinion;

No opinion is expressed by producer—and diplomat—Foreman.

## Those old friends—by Tallulah

TALLULAH BANKHEAD files off after a six-week cabinet engagement in London.

She leaves a dead legend behind her.

Tallulah, who is herself a notable made-caller and truth-teller, would probably prefer if I came right out with it.

The fact is Tallulah has been a flop compared with her contemporaries like Marlene Dietrich and Noel Coward.

I'm sad to say it. But Tallulah, the least of the Twenties, is no more.

What does she herself say about it all? These were some of her printable words:

"Way back when I was the toast of the town all my friends were 15 years older. This

time they were too old to make the effort to come and see me. They're all in bathchairs. "And one's in goal."

P.S.: Zsa Zsa Gabor, who was due to follow Tallulah down the celebrated Café de Paris stairs in September, now wants to call it off. I'm told. She has decided on the advice of friends who saw her act in Las Vegas that it wouldn't be suitable for London. One of her props is a large fancy bed.

It would have been difficult, I suppose, to get it down those plushy, spiralling stairs.

## Miss Lee has an aim

BELINDA LEE said with one of her smiles, which are toothy and wholesomely, but winningly, wide:

"I want to make love stories for the screen. Lots of love stories. I want to be fiery. And passionate. I'm sure I can."

Her husband, photographer Cornel Lucas, surveyed her affectionately, secure in the knowledge that Miss Lee is the (rare) kind of actress whose off-screen love scenes are never extra-marital.

She is pursuing her professional amorous campaign energetically in her latest film, *Dangerous Exile*.

It's an attempt, I gathered, to restart the cycle of pneumatic, sexy British period melodramas.

Miss Lee said: "At first I was supposed to be seduced in the film. But that's all changed now. I seduce the man. Sort of."

She seemed pleased about the change.

## Her tiger, Dirk

She patted her toy stuffed tiger which occupies a chair in her Kensington flat and which is called Dirk after Dirk Bogarde, who presented it to her recently on her 22nd birthday.

Dirk, the tiger, has a cuddly, unpassionate, non-man-eating look. So, I would have said, has its mistress. But of course she may look different in *Dangerous Exile*.

Remembering what its prototype The Wicked Lady did for Margaret Lockwood, the Rank Organisation have high hopes for *Dangerous Exile* and Miss Lee.

She passed round a box of bon-bons, offering one to Dirk the tiger, and said: "I've always wanted to be a big film star. I gave myself about another five years. If I don't make it by the time I'm 23 I might as well give up."

I asked her why she wanted to be a star. Was she attracted by the money, or the fame?

"No. I just want to be a star."

She said it with the unswerving conviction of a youngster who wants to be an engine driver or a tiger hunter.

## The day is named

FOR those who care to know, I can announce that Laurence Harvey and Margaret Leighton have fixed a date as last for their long-awaited wedding. Or almost.

Mr Harvey, just back from America, tells me: "It will be on August 8 in Gibraltar. But if Margaret dislikes the Rock of Gibraltar as the setting we'll do it whenever we get back to London."

Why the Rock of Gibraltar? Mr Harvey will be on location there for his new film, *The Silent Enemy*, in which he plays the underwater hero Commander Crabbe.

But no frog-suits will be worn at the wedding.

I don't want to interfere with Miss Leighton's choice, which she will probably make known when she arrives by boat from America. But I would have thought that the Rock of Gibraltar would appeal to a woman as a setting for a wedding.

How could it ever crumble in divorce?



By JOHN LAMBERT

THE girl in size 10 boots is a mischievous eight-year-old called Dana Wilson, who became a film star by being smuggled into Britain.

She was brought from Australia to make a picture, *The Shirazee*, in secret at Elstree.

She is now back home in a crowded, working class suburb of Sydney—back to the normal life of an eight-year-old. And she is likely to stay that way.

For this English-eyed little girl was too much of a handful for the film makers.

Under Home Office regulations no child under 12 is supposed to work in British film studios. But the

authorities turn a blind eye — if there is no fuss or publicity. Dana nearly wrecked that tacit agreement as soon as she landed in London.

A film executive took her hand as she came off the plane. "I know we are going to get on well, Dana," he said. She glared: "I don't know you," she said — and kicked him on the shins.

She exasperated the studio men by her pranks. But, by being ruthlessly herself and nothing else, she provided the picture with a remarkable study of a child.

Asked if she wanted to be a film star, she shook her head with a toothless grin.

## LIMELIGHT

by THOMAS WISEMAN

YOU might sum up John Gregson's progress in films with the phrase, "From dust to dust, from rags to rags and bones."

In *Miracle in Soho*, he plays an amorous road-mender, a great lad with a pneumatic drill.

And in the next film he is to make for the Rank Organisation he will play... a dustman. On a more plutocratic level, he has also been a ring and bone merchant on the screen.

Mr Gregson is well qualified to play these roles, which are so down-to-earth that they are practically subterranean.

At the age of 18 he actually was a dustman.

"I worked in the cleansing department of Liverpool Council," he says, "I was paid 10s. 9d. a week—I got a bit more for being a dustman on the screen."

"Don't you think," I asked, "that there is a danger you will alienate some of your female fans? Screen heroes are usually in advertising or something?"

## MILL HILL BOHEMIAN

"Oh, but this dustman is a great lad with the girls," said Mr Gregson, "so is the road-mender I've just played. He has a different girl in every street he mends."

I said, it sounded romantic but did he never feel the urge to be a film star of the more traditional sort, a colourful chap, all dash and devilry?

"Well," he replied, "I am a bit of a Bohemian, though I do live in Mill Hill. The colleagues down the road live a far more like but we don't do it badly. We have seven lawns and four lakes, though some of them are only the size of a table. Houses are expensive. When you don't give the dimensions."

## ACTOR OF ABILITY

He is none the less an actor of ability who could become much more than that.

"You see what happens," he said, "I return to the theatre and they decide to pull the place down. Well, I wasn't that bad."

Mr. Gregson and I were sitting in the dressing-room of house down.



## WHY KEEP GREGSON IN THE GUTTER?

—'I prefer it there,' he says

He subjected himself to a the condemned St James's Theatre.

By the end of the month he and the play in which he is appearing, *It's the Geography That Counts*, have to leave the St James's and move into another theatre. Then the demolition work will start and a block of offices will go up.

Unwittingly, Mr Gregson will be the last star to tread the boards which have been perhaps, more auspiciously trodden on by Sir Gerald du Maurier and others.

"At any rate," said Mr. Gregson, "the smoking history show when I've had a couple of drinks you might have found me a lot more colourful."

"On reduction, perhaps. It's a bit of a pity. I want to be, too, colourful in your scheme, it might get me fired."

He added, in a shy aside, "If you investigate it, you will probably discover that Donald Sinden is the man behind that block of offices. Trying to sabotage me."

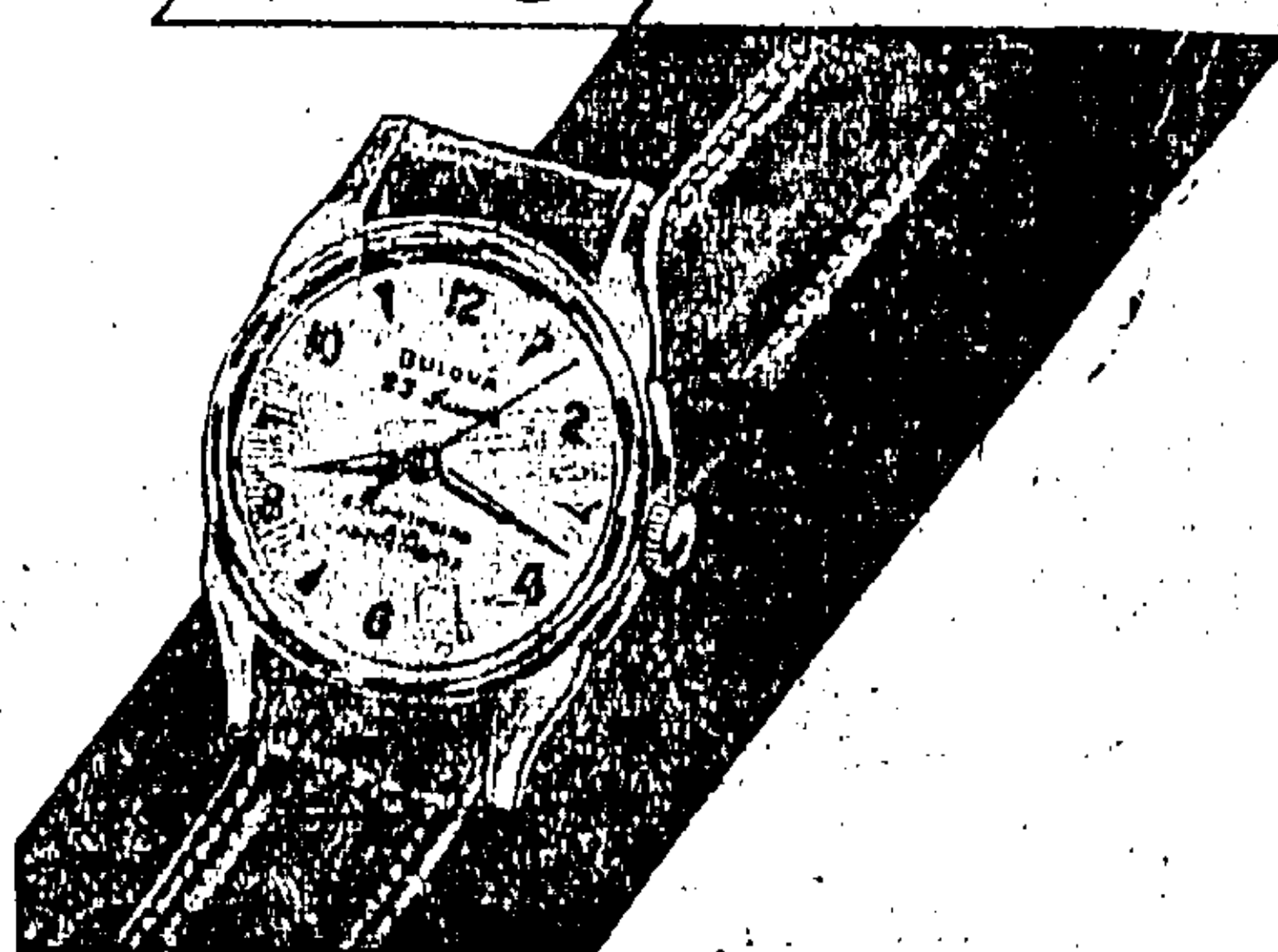
## MORE COLOURFUL

Mr Sinden, another of Lord Rank's Young Gentlemen is hinted to appear in a play at the St Martin's Theatre, which no one has yet thought of pulling down. Except possibly, Mr Gregson.

He finished his soft drink and said: "If we'd met after the show when I've had a couple of drinks you might have found me a lot more colourful."

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# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Couture At Cut Price

By PATRICIA DOUGLAS

**T**ODAY you do not have to be in the millionaire class to wear clothes designed by one of the top couturiers. Their prices for made-to-measure are still as high as ever but many of the designers, finding that few women can afford to be completely "dressed" by them are turning their talents to the ready-to-wear trade.

The whole fashion picture has become circular. Why should a woman, however elegant and wealthy, hurrying around, spend hours in fitting rooms at her dressmaker when she can go to the model department of her favourite store and "walk into" an outfit superbly cut of first class material and at a fraction of the cost of the bespoke garment?

In addition, nowadays, there are so few occasions for the average well-dressed woman to wear really expensive clothes. Too much luxury is an embarrassment in present-day conditions. So the ranks of couturiers lessen, but the already excellent fashion industry benefits.

The couturiers, turning their talents to the market that awaits them, have either allied themselves with an already established wholesale house or in some cases have ventured into the wholesale field on their own.

★ ★ ★

Among the former is Hardy Amies, whose most successful tie-up with Brenner is now in its third year. He bases his ready-to-wear collection on the lines he has established in his previous seasons' couture collection. These, of course, are adapted according to the materials which, for the ready-to-wear autumn collection of 1957, are primarily British woolsens.

He launched the collection in varying shades of red, using a great deal of tweed for suits and top coats. For two-piece ensembles, consisting of a finely tailored dress and matching top coat, the fabrics are similar though in different weights. The line of his tailoring is relaxed in the mood of the present fashion, but the deft touches of detail stamp the clothes unmistakably of the couture class.

John Cavanagh has been known for a similar association with the famous old-established business of Berg & Mayfair, known especially for their superb fur-trimmed model coats. He has his own workrooms with a staff working under his direction while the collection is being assembled. He chooses his materials himself, and among the British mills which supply him are Linton or Carlisle, Galloway Reels and Crombie.

His new "couture-to-wear" collection is based mainly on suits, but also includes very elegant dresses with jackets or with a matching long coat.

★ ★ ★

These clothes are not in any sense mass-cut or mass-produced. In his workroom each machinist has the support of eight or nine highly-skilled operators. These consist of the cutter, four tailors to do the canvassing, the shaping and the "building" of the garment, and three tailoresses to attend to the finishing such as the lining, the buttonholes and other details. All work as a team, with a presser being in attendance at every step.

Cavanagh has designed his collection with reproduction in mind. Everything has been made to facilitate the small alterations that are often necessary for the individual customer. Seams are placed strategically so that "easing" will not upset the balance of the garment. The lines are simple and unfussy with clever detail.

Many jackets are fly-fastened to give a long look of easy fitting. Skirts are plumb straight; coats too, are straight hanging. An added touch of luxury is found in the charming small fur trimmings.

At Jaeger, Victor Stiebel shows his second wholesale collection. The prices for these clothes are very much scaled down to make them available for any woman dressing on a slender budget. He believes that the average woman is far happier in simple, dateless clothes than in the fantasies that so often get the headlines at the twice-yearly fashion shows.



**VICTOR STIEBEL:** A simple tweed dress with an interesting cross-over neckline—a detail seen in several dresses in the collection. The boxy jacket turns the outfit into a suit for many occasions. **HARDY AMIES:** Many of the suits in his ready-to-wear collection are teamed with important blouses in fine wool. This example in red tweed has a black wool blouse. **DIGBY MORTON:** A coat in rich red tweed is combined with a shirtwaist dress in fine printed wool—a feature of this collection. **JOHN CAVANAGH:** Dark green and black tweed is used for his unmistakably couture-designed suit with its gilet and cuffs of black Persian lamb. The fronts of the jacket are mock-buttoned, as the real fastening is concealed on the inside where the edge of the jacket is attached to the fur gilet.

He uses suede finished wools and wool boucle in plain flat colours for sleek suits with slim skirts or dresses with matching straight hip-hugging jackets. A light jewel tweed is used for dresses as well as an interesting blue and black herringbone tweed.

Matthi, whose flair is for very feminine styles in his couture collection, shows his versatility by designing his ready-to-wear collection on strictly tailored lines. This consists of almost entirely of suits for which he uses tweeds in every shade and also a worsted flannel for a classic style.

The fashion world was much startled by the recent news of the retirement of Digby Morton from made-to-measure fashion. Instead, he has expanded his "Couture Casuale" range to include tailored suits, coats and dresses, as well as the skirts and tops with which he began his venture into the wholesale side of the business over a year ago.

One of his most successful models in this new range is a tan wool coat made in two lengths, either full or three-quarter length. This carries a double panel across the

shoulders for extra warmth in cold weather.

Among the many interesting materials he uses is an unusual knitted wool fabric. In bright polonella red, it makes an attractive cocktail skirt topped by a printed wool blouse with a design of red roses on a black ground.

★ ★ ★

One of London's smaller couture houses, Sidon, working outside any group, is taking British fashion across the Channel to show in the smart Continental capitals. Herbert Sidon, the designer, is himself very much a European. He was born in Austria, brought up in Holland (he is of Dutch nationality) and learned his craft first in Berlin and then in Paris.

His collection is startling in its ingenuity and yet simple in style. One outfit, much applauded in his recent German showings, is in brilliant yellow wool with a diagonal weave. It consists of a three-quarter collarless coat over a high-necked straight dress. He uses a fine black wool for several cleverly contrived cocktail and evening dresses.

## WALKING SHOES GET A GLAMOUR TOUCH

**L**ONDON. HERE'S news for devotees of the flat heel—country shoes are becoming elegant at last. Until now, the woman who wanted a pair of walking shoes for shopping, gardening, or simply going for a walk, has had to choose between ballerina style shoes, which are useless in the rain, or thick man-sized brogues, which felt like lead weights on your feet and look ridiculous with anything but an old tweed suit.

Bally of Switzerland, better known for their elegant court pumps, have taken a look at the country shoe—and maintained it up. They've brought out a range of well-cut flat-heeled styles with pointed toes.

I can't think why no one's thought of this before. A tapered too turns an ordinary flat-heeled shoe into quite an elegant piece of footwear. It's as simple as that.

In good colourings and with imaginative trimmings, these new high-styled country shoes are well made and good-looking. And they're reasonably priced. New for casual wear: minute boots, cropped off at ankle-bone height in vivid coloured suede, with a built-in sock of ribbed wool which covers over the top to form a sort of collar, side-boot style. For those who want to cause a sensation there are boots in a mixture of black and off-white, fastened down the side with black boot-latches.

New for evening: the Point-toe shoe with an extravagantly curved heel, pointed toe. "We don't believe in sandals for evening wear any more," said Mr. Max Miller, a leading shoe stylist. "We are showing



A theatre shoe on a fine tapered last has a high, curved heel and low back, is decorated with rhinestones. By Bally.

Instead closed shoes of satin or brocade." The shoe I would most like to own is an evening style in bright lavender-coloured satin with a tapered heel, and a strap across the instep. Wonderful to look at, wonderful to wear too—if you go to the right kind of parties.

The barred shoe comes back with a bang—buttoned straps criss-cross the instep of practically all low-cut court shoes but they are straps with a difference. The leather is elasticised so you just slip your foot into the shoe, don't have to use a buttonhook as grandma did.

### NOVEL IDEAS

Winners, hands down, in a recent Monte Carlo beachwear

parade were pyjamas, so popular in the 1930's and now destined for a big come-back. To the trousers and shirt top was added a simple, scoop-necked blouse, and the outfit was made up in floral-printed cotton satin.

Latest idea in London for hurried city workers is a sponge-and-press service for clothes. While you sit drinking coffee in a dressing-gown—provided by the cleaners—they will spruce up your suit for you, provide a shoe-shine service as well.

The strangest beauty treatment I've found yet—the extract of bee's glands which, so they say, is the secret of the Queen Bee's vitality and longevity, made up into a beauty cream. You smooth it into your skin overnight, and await results.

On its way—a velvet you can actually iron. No more ugly shiny marks, no more careful steaming over a kettle of water. This new velvet can be washed and ironed, comes up looking like new, is unaffected by rain. Starred for summer parties—the back to frill look. With bare-back dresses that swoop right down to waist level at the back, women in the know are wearing their necklaces back-to-front to help fill the gap.

A quick trick for home dressmakers comes ready packaged in London at 2/11d a yard. It's an adhesive backing fabric which can be used for lining and stiffening a skirt, giving a crisp edge to a bodice. Iron it onto the wrong side of your material and it stays there, can be washed or cleaned.

— Hazel Meyrick



A tailored shoe for town in dark grey calf has a punched pattern round the edge, and a buckle decoration. By Bally.

## New Silhouettes In New York Collections

**D**ESIGNERS give us women plenty of fractions for autumn calculation.

They talk in terms of half-belts and coats either three-quarter or seven-eighths length. Some designers also provide only a fraction of coverage in evening clothes, leaving one observer to quip: "the best dressed woman this autumn will be undressed."

Half-belts show through our suit collections although there are just as many fully belted, or unbelted and fitted loosely at the waistline.

The number of three-quarter and seven-eighths length coats equals the number of full length ones in collections shown last week to visiting fashion re-

porters. The shows are held semi-annually by the couture group of The New York Dress Institute.

Coat silhouettes run the gamut from the slim and wrapped to those of luxurious fullness. Monte Sano and Prusan introduced a balloon-like shape—coat cut straight as a pin in front but with the back puffing out like a blister, but hauled in again at the hemline or waistline.

Most suits and many coats feature the bracelet sleeve, loose fitting and ending just a few inches short of the wrist. Shoulders follow the natural curve of the body. Collars usually are flat and constructed to stand away from the neck.

Fur trims everything from evening dresses to coats. Originals teamed black lynx, beaver, mink or lamour, a South African lamb, with tweed and fleeces in a handsome daytime group.

Monte Sano and Prusan lined a cotton gabardine raincoat with ocelot and priced it at \$950.

Cecil Chapman is a ringleader in the daring baring for evening wear. One of her boldest necklines shows the bodice opened to the waist, but laced like a corset with thin satin cords drawn through rhinestone eye-lets.

She doesn't even bother to lace other necklines with a V-plunge to waist. These she calls The Venus dress.

Her "Cleo" silhouette makes the beholder wonder what next. A seemingly demure bodice has triangular cutouts under each arm to expose most of the rib section.

Another Chapman design is the Etruscan silhouette, which she said "is one of the earliest glamour girl fashions, predating Grecian costumes." The Etruscan is a horizontal draping of fabric around the hips, to give a giraffe-like cling.

Highlights of other collections: Claire McCardell featured easy-fitting daytime clothes to be worn either with or without belt.

Brancell showed both daytime and evening costumes made entirely of fur. One evening suit is of white Indian broad-tail.

The advantage to the use of fur as fabric, Brancell pointed out, is this: it never needs pressing.

Designer Pauline Trixore carved a straight and narrow silhouette for many of her daytime costumes, with jackets long enough on some suit to pass as a tunic. She is one of several designers who like the uneven hemline, high at the front and deeply down-curved at the back.



## THE WRAP THAT WRAPS YOU UP...

A HOLIDAY swimsuit with really slimming lines—and a "strut" towel that can be used as a beach mat or tied round the shoulders as a wrap.

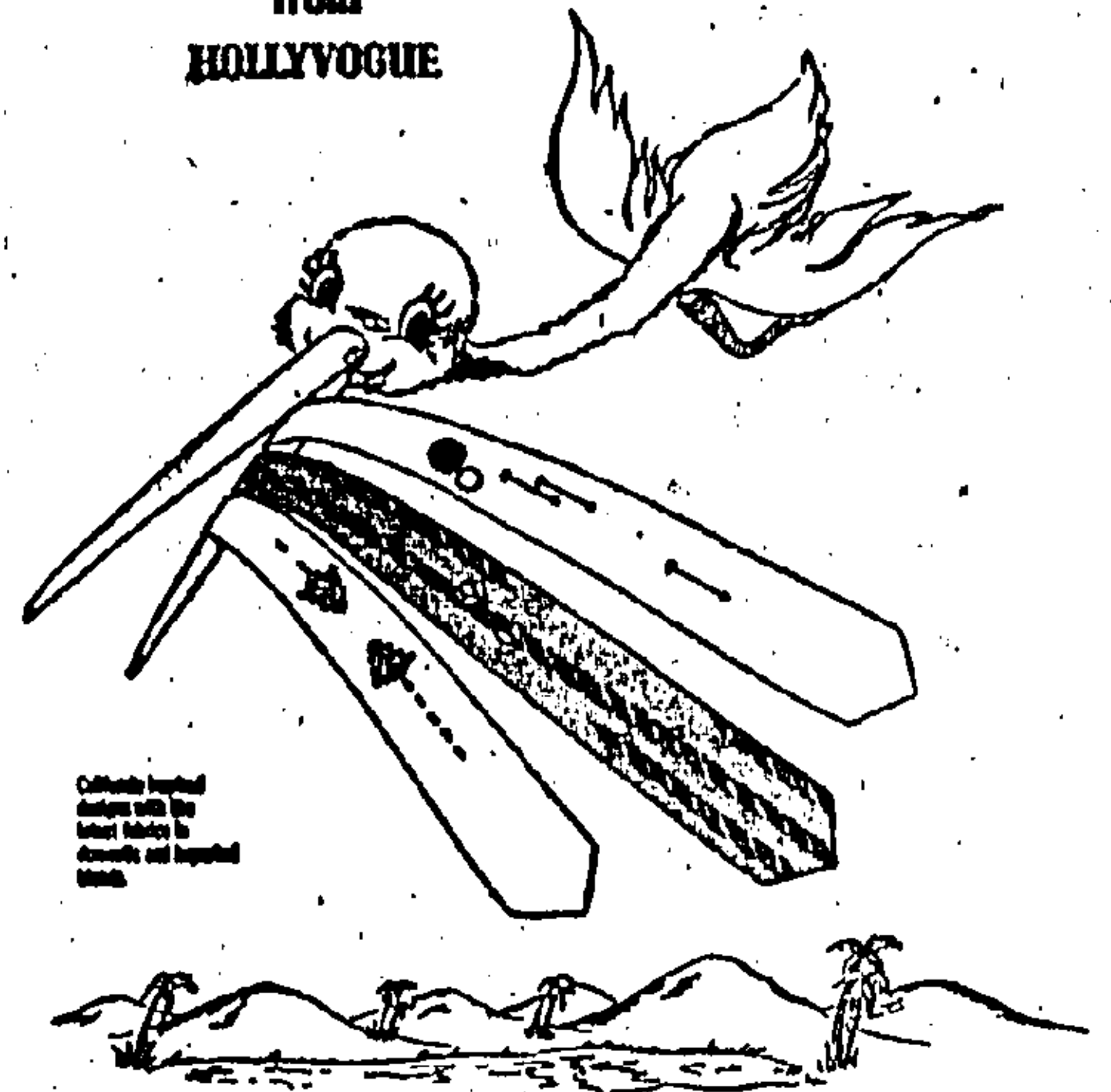
The capacious beach bag, in red and orange towelling, is large enough to hold everything you need for the beach, books, suntan lotion, sunspecs, etc.

Note the novel way of using an old straw hat. Cut two small slits in the brim and slot through a gay cotton handkerchief.

★

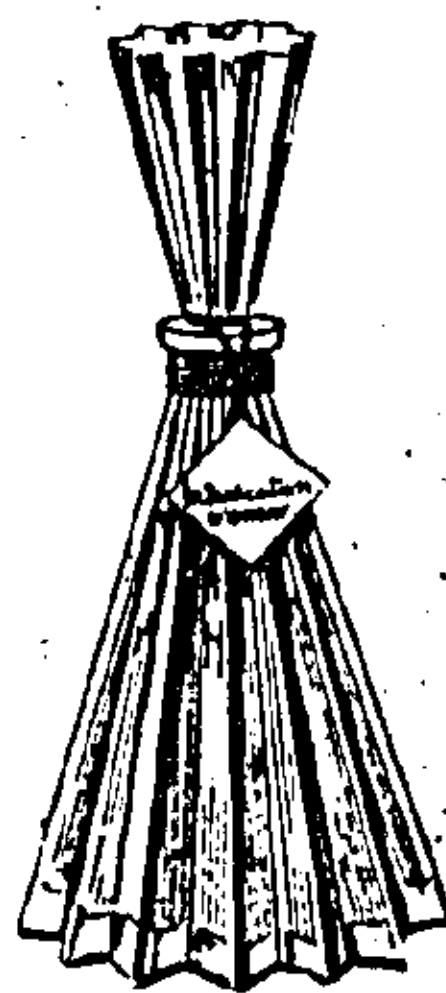
—(London Express Service)

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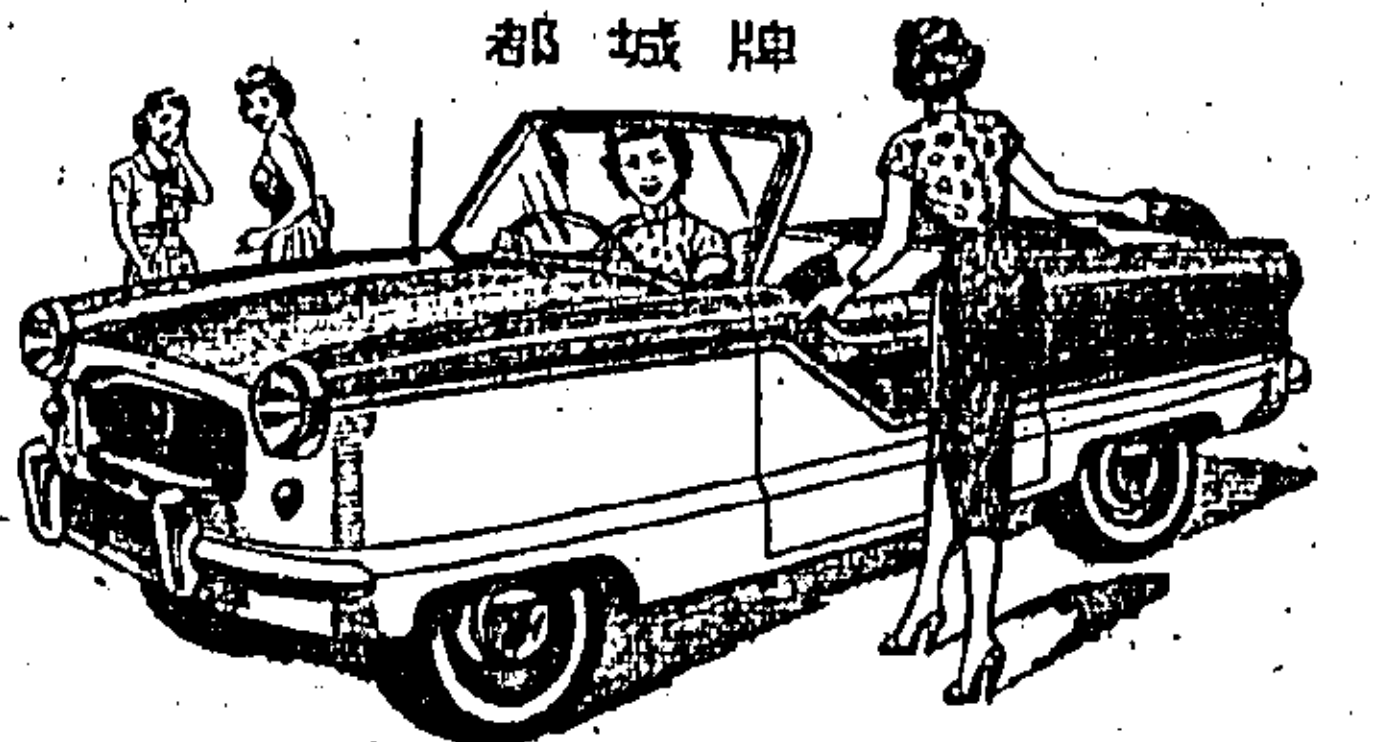
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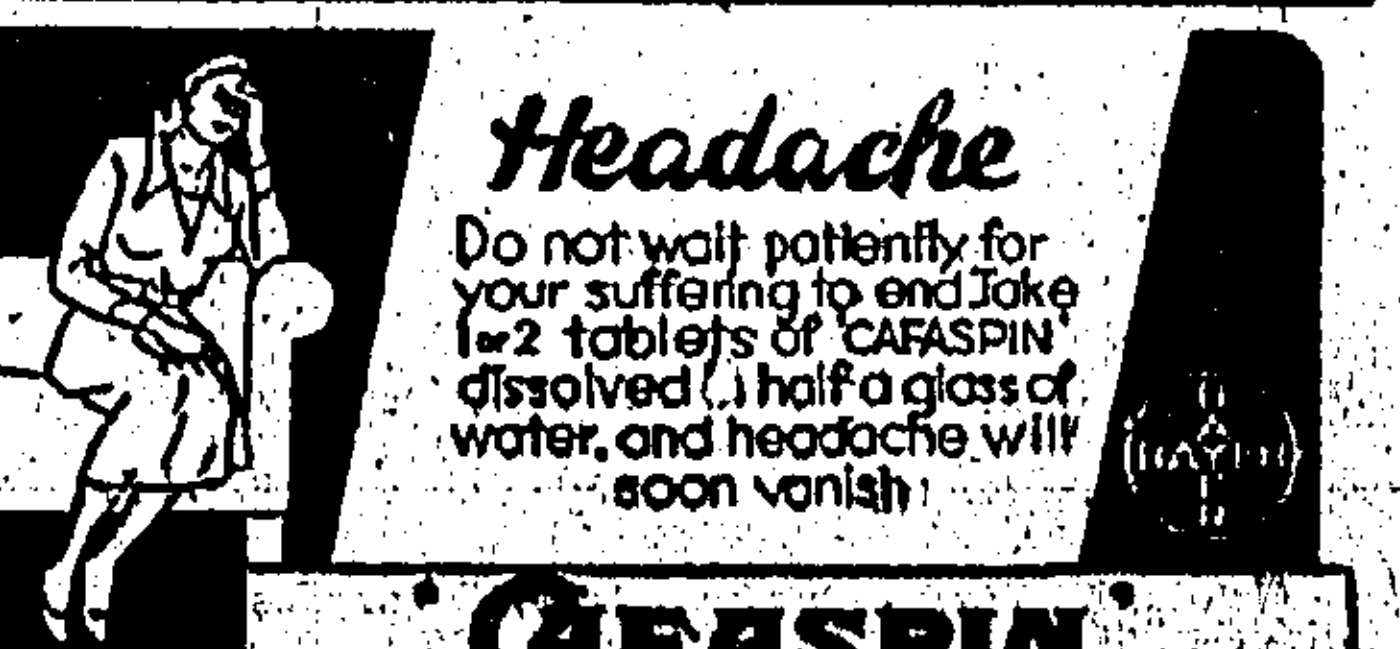
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"Departure Means Heavy Sevarance" quipped a sorrowful "Bird's Eye View" and a number of other eyes were affected also at New Queen's Plar (above) when the retiring Director of Medical and Health Services, Dr the Hon. K. C. Yeo left for England with his wife and daughter. Right—Mrs Yeo has a word for young Pamela Maxwell—daughter of the Commissioner of Police.

(Staff Photographer)

Jean Claude de Lasseo (15) great grand nephew of Jules Verno on his way "Around the world in 80 flying hours" seen when he arrived, about half way round, at Kai Tak. BELOW: William Yuen (8) claims the biggest collection of toy cars in Hongkong (more than 60). Anyone else have more than that?

(Staff Photographers)



Guests—the Governor and Lady Grantham arrive for official Bastille Day reception by M. and Madam G. Raoul-Duval, at the Hongkong Club. Right—Arc de Triomphe. (Staff Photographer)

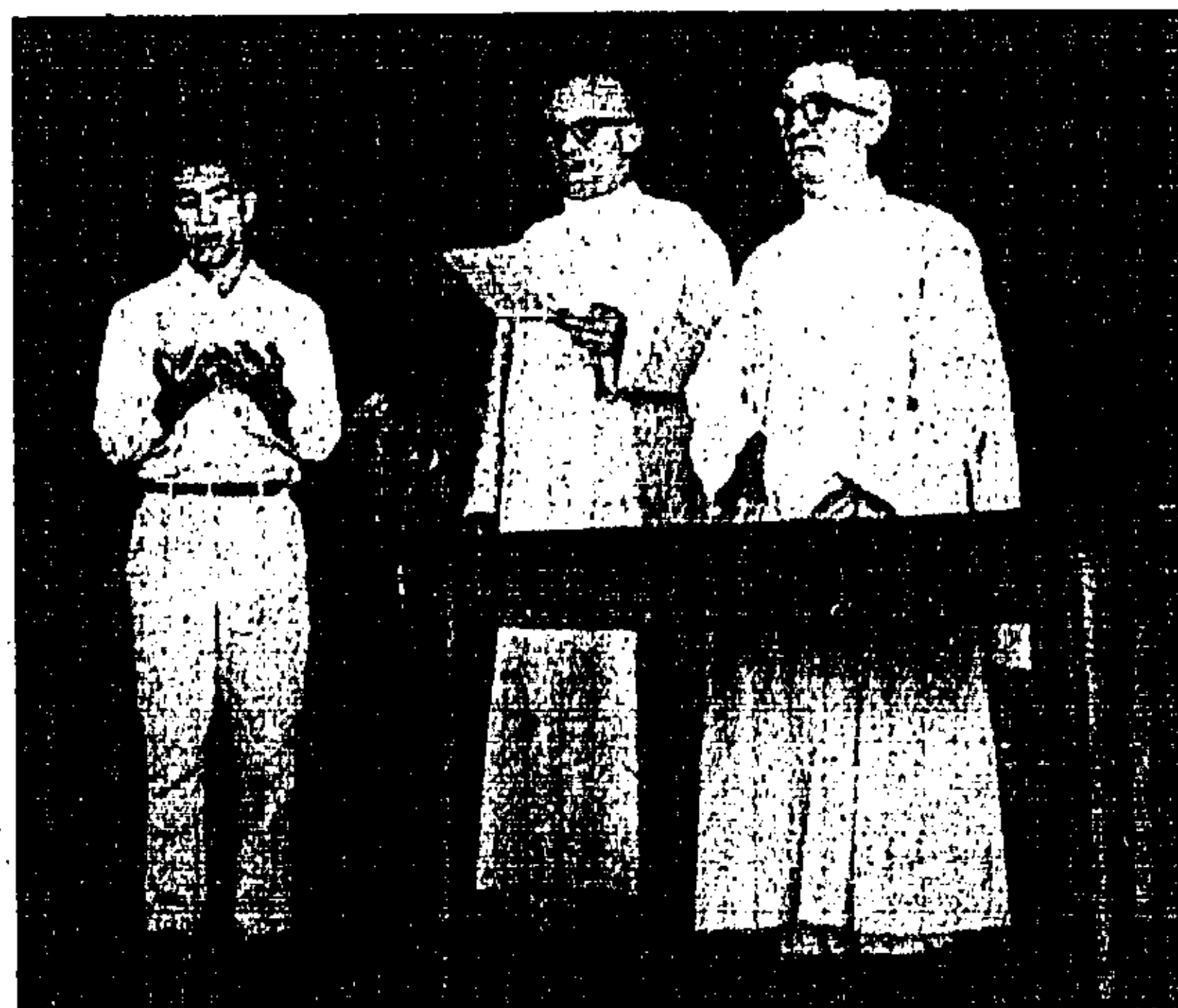


Rev. J. M. Gosano returns from NZ for ordination at St Theresa's.

BELOW: Li Li-hwa and Mr Robert J. Clark at his film maker's party.



Malade Imaginaire—A scene from the end of term French play by girls of Maryknoll Convent. (Staff Photographer)



Nome calling at Wah Yan—but that happens at any graduation. Francis Ho, a prefect assists Fathers Patrick and Toner (Headmaster) with "Form V." (Staff Photographer)



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Mary had a little lamb—a play (above) at the Pui Tung Primary School. And (right) "Tots Orchestra" by the Kindergarten of the same school at Morse House.

(Staff Photographer)

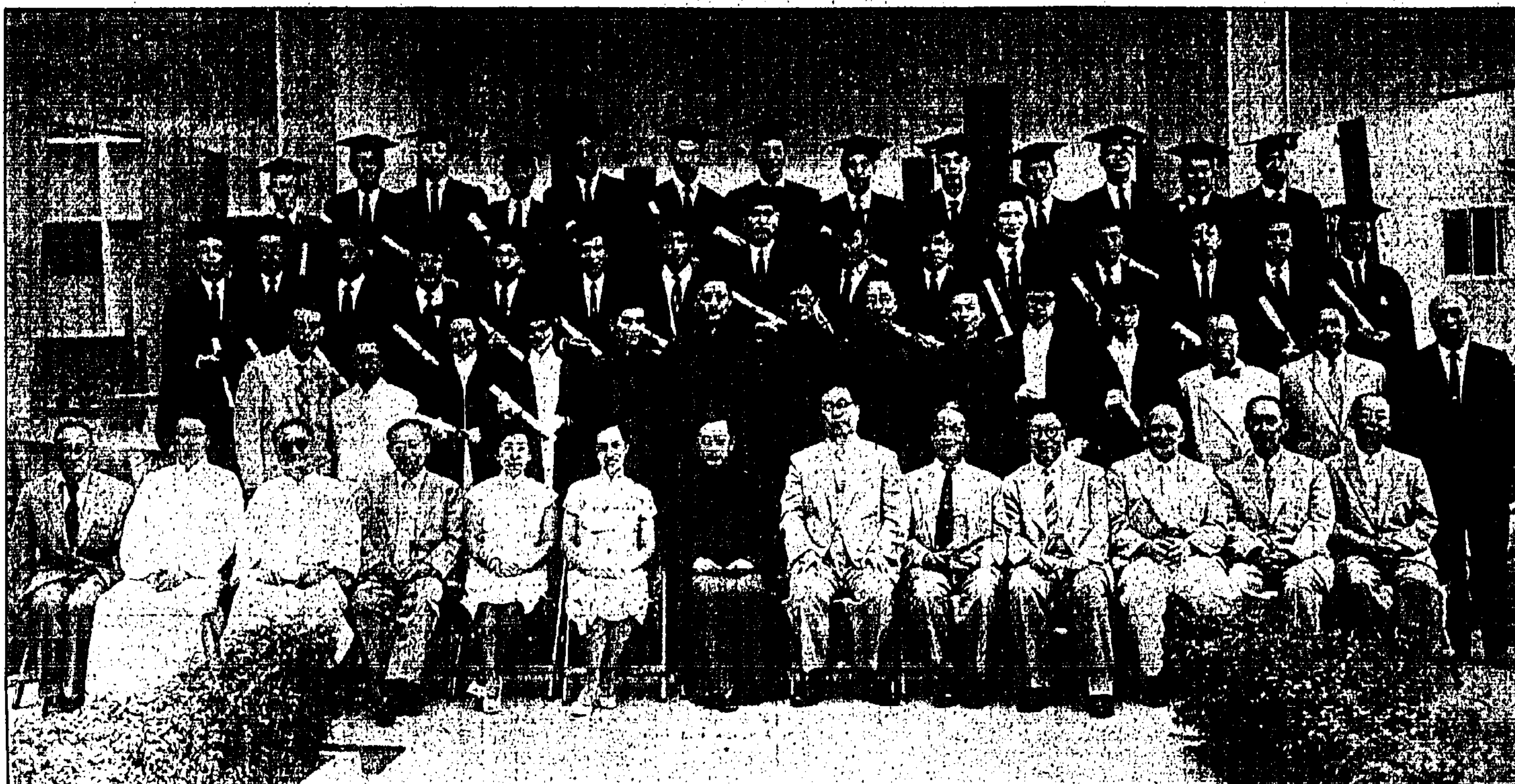
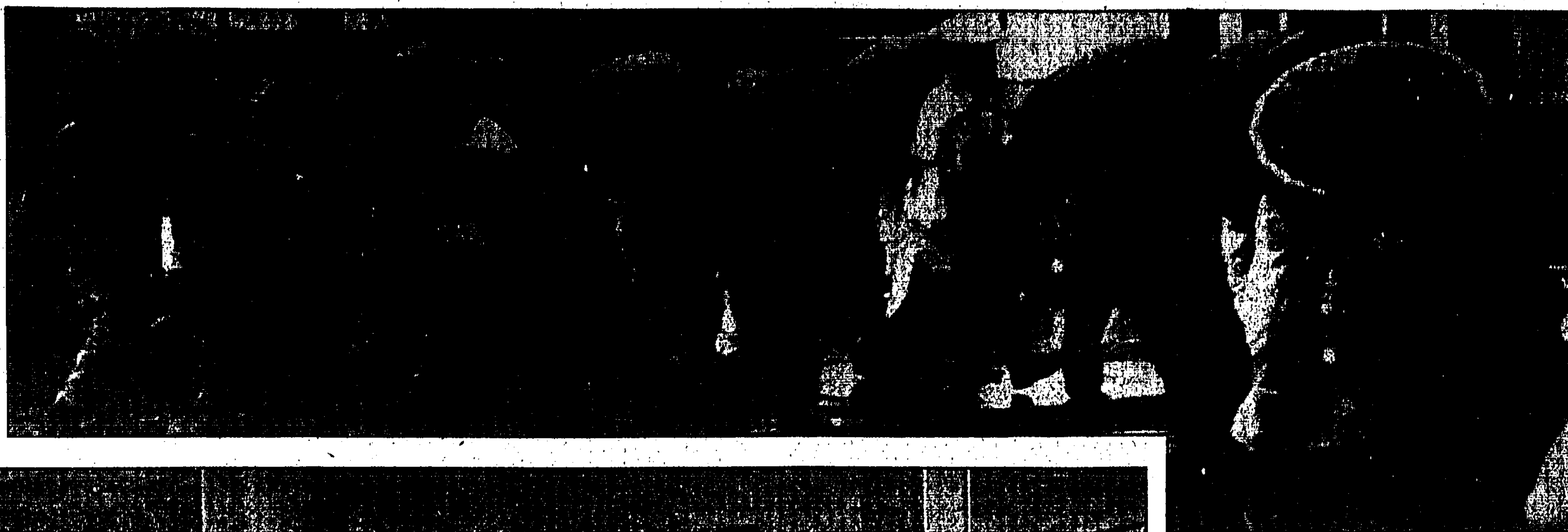


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Wendy proved an uncomfortable lady to live with and everyone hoped she'd move on elsewhere fast. She blew down houses, beached a ship on Stonecutters, brought deluges of rain. But here, in a quiet moment, she slows down just enough to let pedestrians with faith in their umbrella makers open up.

LEFT: Graduates and their teachers taking part in the 6th Commencement Exercise at New Asia College, Kowloon. BELOW: Good hat for shading the rain... on display at the Kowloon Railway Station when two Japanese Buddhist priests passed through from pilgrimage in China.

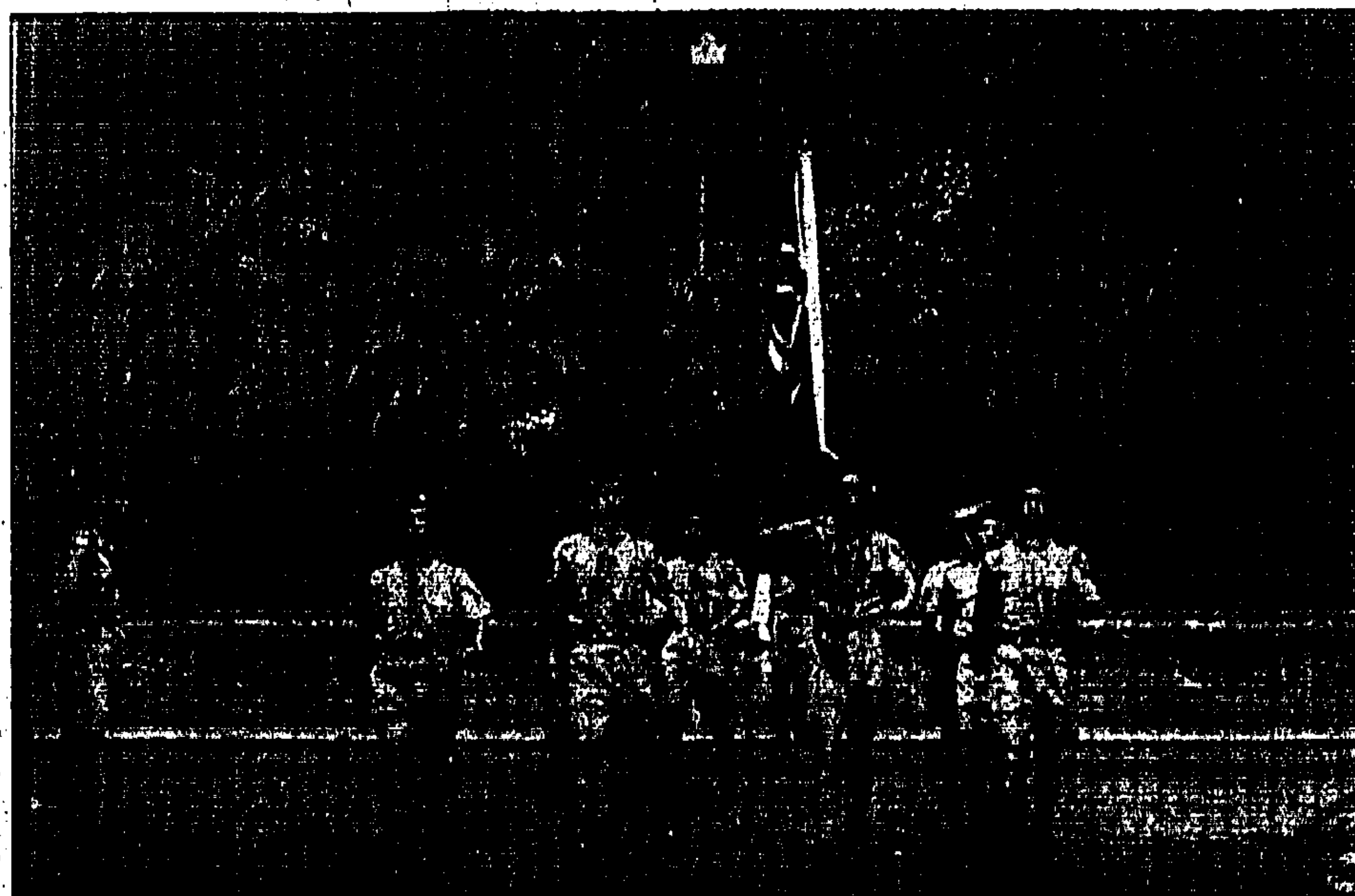


LEFT: Familiar name, now initials — Mr Nelson A Rockefeller passed through on an Asian tour with wife, three children, and a niece.

RIGHT: Part of the mess left in her trail by that troublesome woman we had staying with us this week.

BELOW: Marching up to Government House—colour party of the Scout Jam-boree entering the gates of Government House where they were inspected by the Governor.

(Staff Photographers)



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## The tourist road to Moscow I'VE MADE IT!

Patricia Smyllie (26)  
at the wheel of her  
car crosses the Iron  
Curtain to find that..

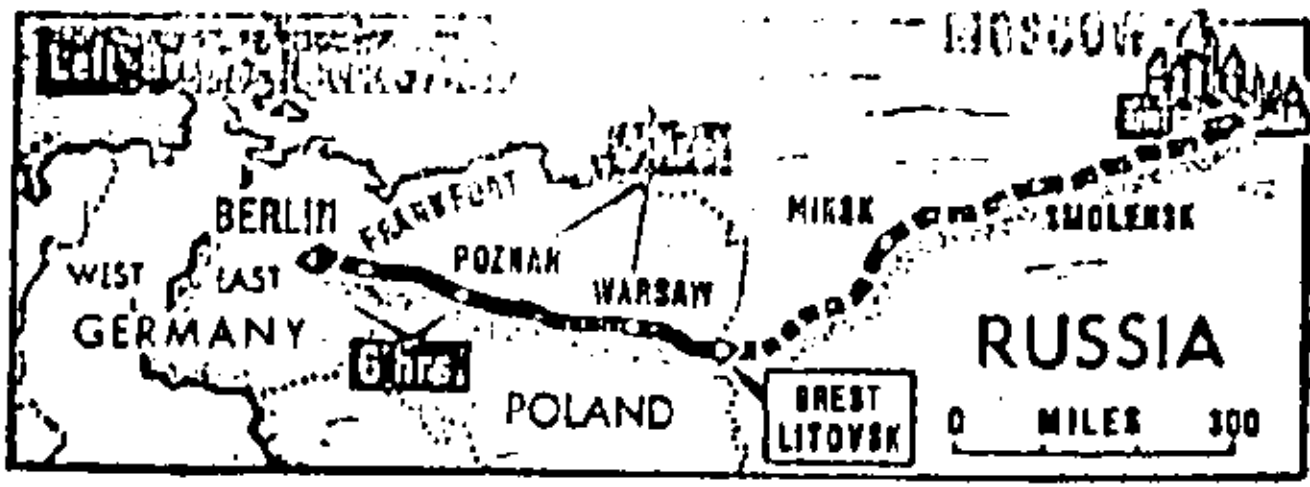
### EVERYBODY RUSHES TO HELP ME

HERE I am in Russia, the first motorist from Britain to cross the frontier on a drive-to-Moscow holiday. I am being given a tremendous welcome. Everybody, Customs officials, police, and the people here in Brest-Litovsk, are bustling around trying to do everything they can to help me. They are delighted that their first visitor from the West is a British girl.

As the bar was lifted on the Polish side of the frontier and I drove forward into Russia, an impressive Soviet police official in a very smart, spotlessly laundered cream jacket, rolled up in a coffee-coloured car with an interpreter who spoke perfect English.

I nearly jumped out of my car with delight at the sound of his voice and just yelled at him: "Are you my interpreter?" The poor chap looked embarrassed and told me no, he was only a Customs official.

They told me not to worry and everyone is being so kind that I don't think I shall. They have found a com-



fortable hotel for me and soon I set out on the open road to Moscow—740 miles ahead.

The Soviet frontier police officer saluted smartly, and I soon had him roaring with laughter. The Customs man got into my car and helped me to sign three forms, and stayed in the car while I drove into the town.

You come in under an impressive archway painted in blue and gold with the message, "Peace to the World," painted in gold above it in Russian.

I have never had so many people looking after me all at once. Pound notes are good things to have as you can get a lot of roubles for £5, dollars, or West German currency. My letter of credit was no good, except in Moscow. Luckily I had £7 on me, which I changed for 200 roubles.

#### THE COST OF A MEAL

The cost of a single room for one night is 13 roubles, and two gallons of petrol cost one rouble.

A friendly crowd had gathered round my car and one of the soldiers started up a conversation in German asking how it worked and how many miles it did to the gallon. Unfortunately, I didn't know the answer to that question. I have been only eight hours inside Russia, but for any tourist coming my way it is well worth it. I have just had an excellent meal of steak and fruit salad which cost 14s.

You can imagine the feeling here as a lone British girl walks round the place. I don't think they are quite used to it. But they are getting ready for an onslaught of British tourists soon.

The foreign desk of the Daily Express tells me on the telephone that I am more than 24 hours ahead of two Automobile Association men from London who are surveying the route I have just travelled. I'll warn the officials here to look out for them.

Tomorrow I set out for Minsk. It can't be lonelier than my 180 miles drive from Warsaw to here. I passed only five cars the whole way.

Now I'm going to tell you all about my trip so far, from the word Go.

#### THE FIRST STAGE

MY journey really began when I walked out of the Russian Embassy in London's "Millionaires' Row" with shaky knees and a visa for Moscow.

That's when I was told that I would have an interpreter at the Russian border.

"You never know," said one of the Soviet officials standing on the steps to say goodbye, "you might be lucky and get a handsome interpreter."

Said another: "I hope you learn to change a wheel by the time you get to the border."

I hope so too.

The next 24 hours were a complete nightmare. Rushing backwards and forwards to various embassies to get all my papers completed, to have my hair done, something a woman always does in a time of crisis.

An amusing incident was rushing in a taxi to a big London store, sending all the assistants, shop buyers, and everyone around nearly crazy with alarm as I had not got the right clothes together and had to buy quickly.

So I just pointed to various skirts and blouses and said: "I will have that and that and that and just bung them into my case as I haven't got time to try them on."

A friend phoned up at the eleventh hour to leave a message at the Daily Express: "Tell Miss Smyllie among her luggage she must have a bathplug. It is most essential."

MONDAY: Over the border

#### MEN OF MEDICINE

### THE CURIOUS DILETTANTE

NITROUS oxide, or 'laughing gas', provided the early nineteenth century with some of its most hilarious entertainment. Those who inhaled it, according to a poster advertising a public exhibition, might LAUGH, SING, DANCE, SPEAK, OR FIGHT... Yet it scarcely occurred to anyone, in that age without anesthetics, that those who inhaled nitrous oxide might also lie painlessly still on the operating table or in the dentist's chair. Neither did anyone realise that the achievements of its discoverer, Joseph Priestley,

would be vital to the modern science of chemistry.

#### Benjamin Franklin

A meeting with Benjamin Franklin encouraged the young Englishman to produce his first scientific work, "The History of Electricity," but he abandoned that study for chemistry in 1770, and two years later marked an epoch in science with his paper "On Different Kinds of Air." In spite of unsatisfactory experiments and many wrong conclusions, new vistas opened with Priestley's discoveries of hydrochloric acid gas and several of the oxides of nitrogen, his description of what he called 'phlogisticated air' (pure nitrogen), and his experiment showing the power of plants to

restore air from which oxygen had been depleted by combustion and respiration.

A man of boundless energies, who thought nothing of a twenty-mile walk before breakfast, Priestley's scientific reputation grew. He was offered gifts and stipends, and friends contended to help him with his work. Apparatus for his experiments was made for him by Josiah Wedgwood, the famed pottery maker, and he was given every glass instrument he needed by a London optician. Of all the offers that came, Priestley preferred the aid of "lovers of science and also lovers of liberty." His liberal sympathies, which would eventually bring the wrath of a mob down upon him during the French Revolution, were well known as the scientific work which earned him a reward from the Royal Society, mem-



PRIESTLEY — His insatiable curiosity about the physical world helped lay the groundwork for modern chemistry.

bership in the French Academy of Sciences, and other honours from Turin to St Petersburg.

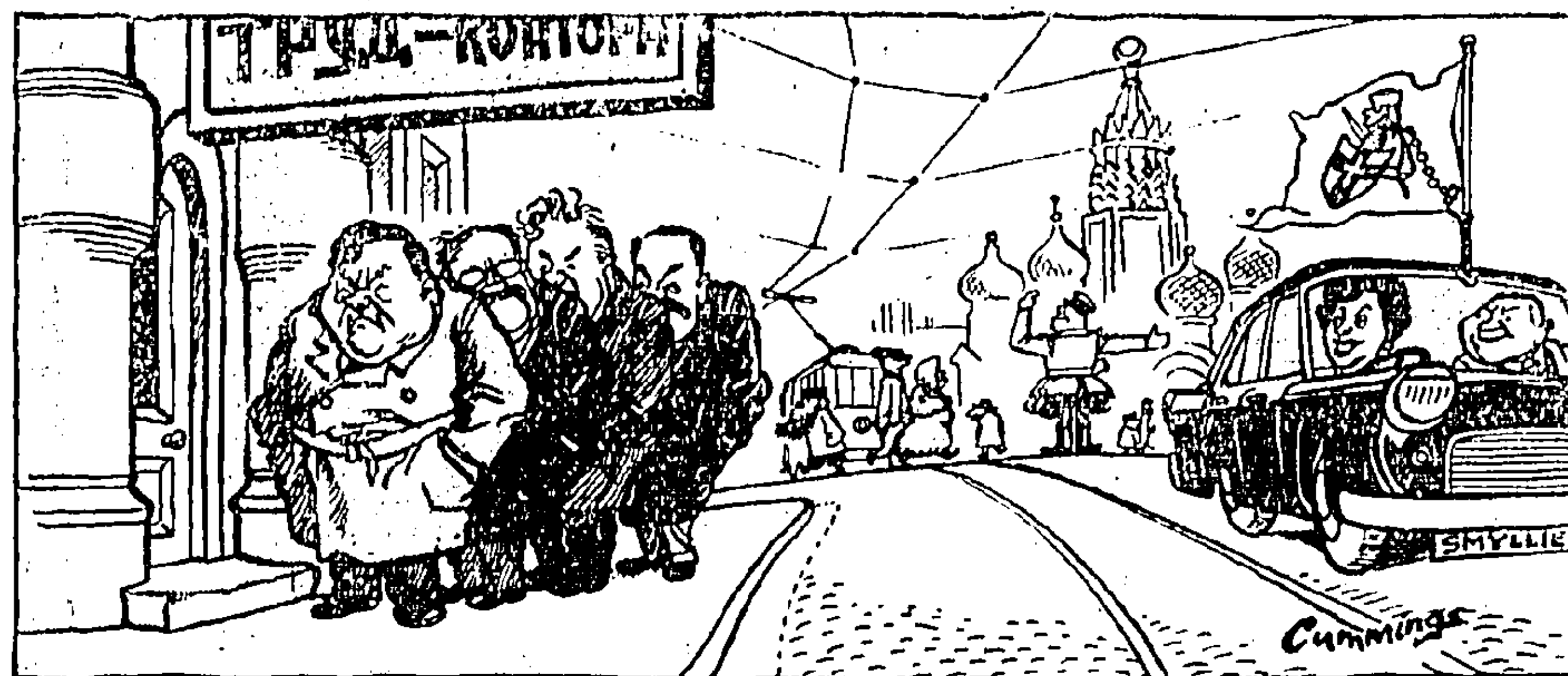
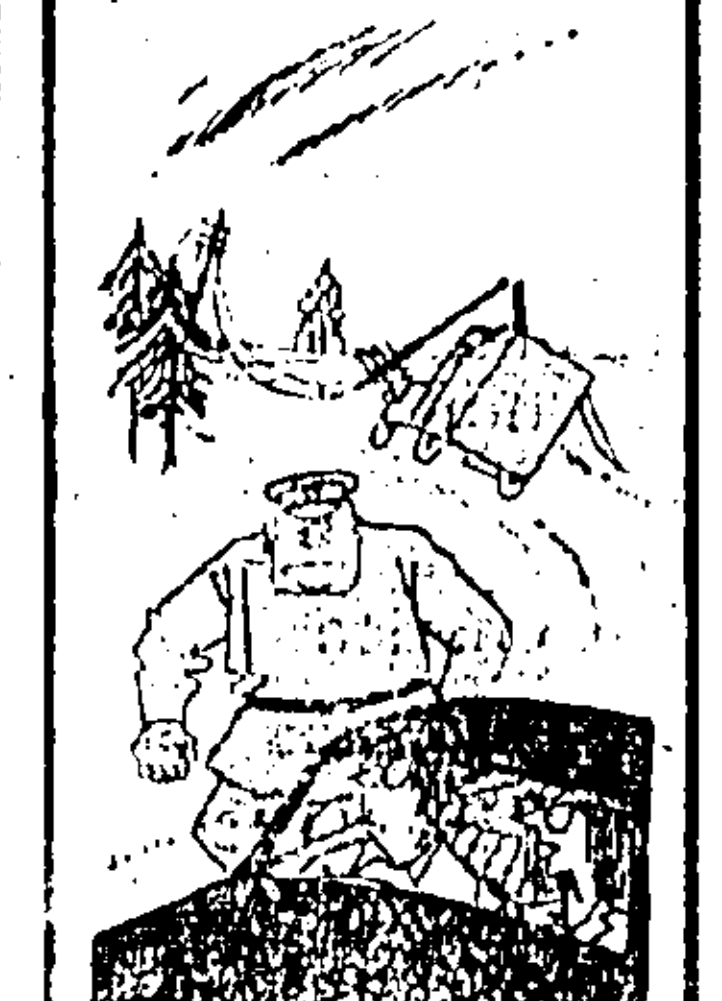
#### Joseph Priestley

Unfortunately, Joseph Priestley's lack of any real background in the study of chemistry left him unable to analyse or evaluate his experiments thoroughly. But with the clues that Priestley's work furnished, Lavoisier went on to describe the true nature of combustion and the properties of the new 'gas', oxygen. Priestley had noted that a dew was formed when hydrogen and oxygen were exploded together, but it was Cavendish who found that this dew was water. It remained, in fact, for an almost accidental observation forty years after Priestley's death to suggest the true value of nitrous oxide as an anesthetic. An American dentist saw a man fall and hurt his leg while under the influence of laughing gas, apparently feeling no pain; he tried it on himself and had a tooth extracted painlessly, opening "a new era of tooth-pulling."

The 20th Century has left less and less room for the untrained scientist, and the curious dilettante. But the tools provided by the work of these men are still indispensable. The recent development of a completely new type of anesthetic, Valium, derived from hormones and used in conjunction with nitrous oxide—is a refinement which contributes improved muscle relaxation and more normal respiration during surgery, as well as a smoother recovery.

Research carried on in laboratories such as those maintained by Pfizer, where Valium was discovered, is now in the hands of modern teams of scientists trained to approach their work with the goal that Priestley himself defined as the object of science: "to comprehend things clearly, and to comprise as much knowledge as possible in the smallest compass."

#### POCKET CARTOON By OSBERT LANCASTER



## Factor 'X'

IT'S EISENHOWER.....AND IT MATTERS MORE  
THAN EVER AFTER THE NEWS FROM MOSCOW

by ROSS MARK

Washington. BACK in Washington after five weeks in Britain I find the whole diplomatic world is discussing the big question: Has President Eisenhower's popularity begun to fail him in his final years in the White House?

Perhaps more than any other man Eisenhower has disproved the old saying that the President of the United States is one man and the Presidency is many.

For Dwight David Eisenhower, to 165 million Americans and to hundreds of millions across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, has become the sole representative of the White House. The voice of Eisenhower has been the voice of the United States.

#### CONFESSION

ONE diplomat, with a hint of criticism, drew my attention to a newspaper whose front page blared approval in the Kremlin and the effects on the whole world with another article on the inside page about the President's long week-end at his Gettysburg farm.

The article described the President's golfing activities and his ride through fields of corn on the horse Sporty Miles accompanied by Secret Service-man-chauffeur Dick Florio on a second horse Doodle-De-Do.

On the home front, Eisenhower, shocked many of his supporters last week when he confessed under questioning at his Press conference that he did not "completely understand" certain phrases of his Civil Rights Bill.

This Bill, which would protect the voting rights of 20,000,000 American Negroes

and other minorities, is due for full-scale debate in Congress this week. It has been a key part of the Eisenhower programme.

Eisenhower's critics suggest that this is an example of homework badly done—or homework left undone, in a daily regimen aimed at conserving a man who suffered a serious heart attack in 1955, underwent major abdominal surgery in 1956, and who sent Wall Street prices totalling when a slice of blueberry pie upset his stomach.

#### THE EBB

THINGS have changed astonishingly for Eisenhower since last January when he was inaugurated for a second four-year term as President.

Then he could do no wrong. He has received a humiliating vote of confidence from the people, a vote so overwhelming that it virtually destroyed the political life of his Democratic opponent, the articulate liberal from Illinois, Adlai Stevenson.

But, since then, Eisenhower's fortunes seem to have ebbed. In recent months he has seen his personal appeals for support fall upon Congress with as little effect as a handful of mud flung into the North Sea.

He has seen members of his own Republican Party join the Democrats in a drive to slash the financial programme he has called essential for the safety of the United States and the free world.

He has seen a pet Bill that would provide federal aid for school building go floundering in Congress for want of aid from Republicans. Measures he suggested for reform in immigration laws, wage fixing, seem doomed for a similar fate.

Eisenhower is, of course, far from being positively unpopular or completely ineffective. But five major factors are telling against him:

run again—always suffers an erosion of power.

2 Republican Congressmen, knowing there will be no magic carpet into office either in the 1958 or 1960 elections to Congress, are less eager to follow the Eisenhower leadership. For instance, they seem to feel there is more political advantage in showing thriftiness to tax-conscious voters than in voting Eisenhower money he needs for programmes.

3 Following his illnesses Eisenhower has been seeing fewer people, and without personal contact the Eisenhower system of person-to-person relations does not work so well. Even the warm Eisenhower personality suffers through the cold electronics of television.

4 Eisenhower is now 67 and will be the oldest man ever to sit in the White House by the end of his term in 1960.

5 After the years of office the remarkably stable Eisenhower Cabinet shows signs of potential disintegration through sickness and resignations.

One of Eisenhower's closest advisers, Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, has already announced his resignation, and Secretary of Defence Charles Wilson is probably stepping out soon.

#### SURVIVOR

THAT leaves only Secretary of State John Foster Dulles of the "Big Three" advisers left with Eisenhower. And Dulles is a man who had an operation for cancer of the stomach only a few months ago.

Ernest Taft Benson, Secretary of Agriculture, and Arthur Summerfield, Postmaster-General, are two other possible resignations.

This, then, is the situation surrounding Eisenhower today. How he shapes up to it in the next few weeks is a matter of concern to every nation of the West.

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In results of international photographic exhibitions worked out by the Photographic Society of America

Yu-chiu has headed the list:

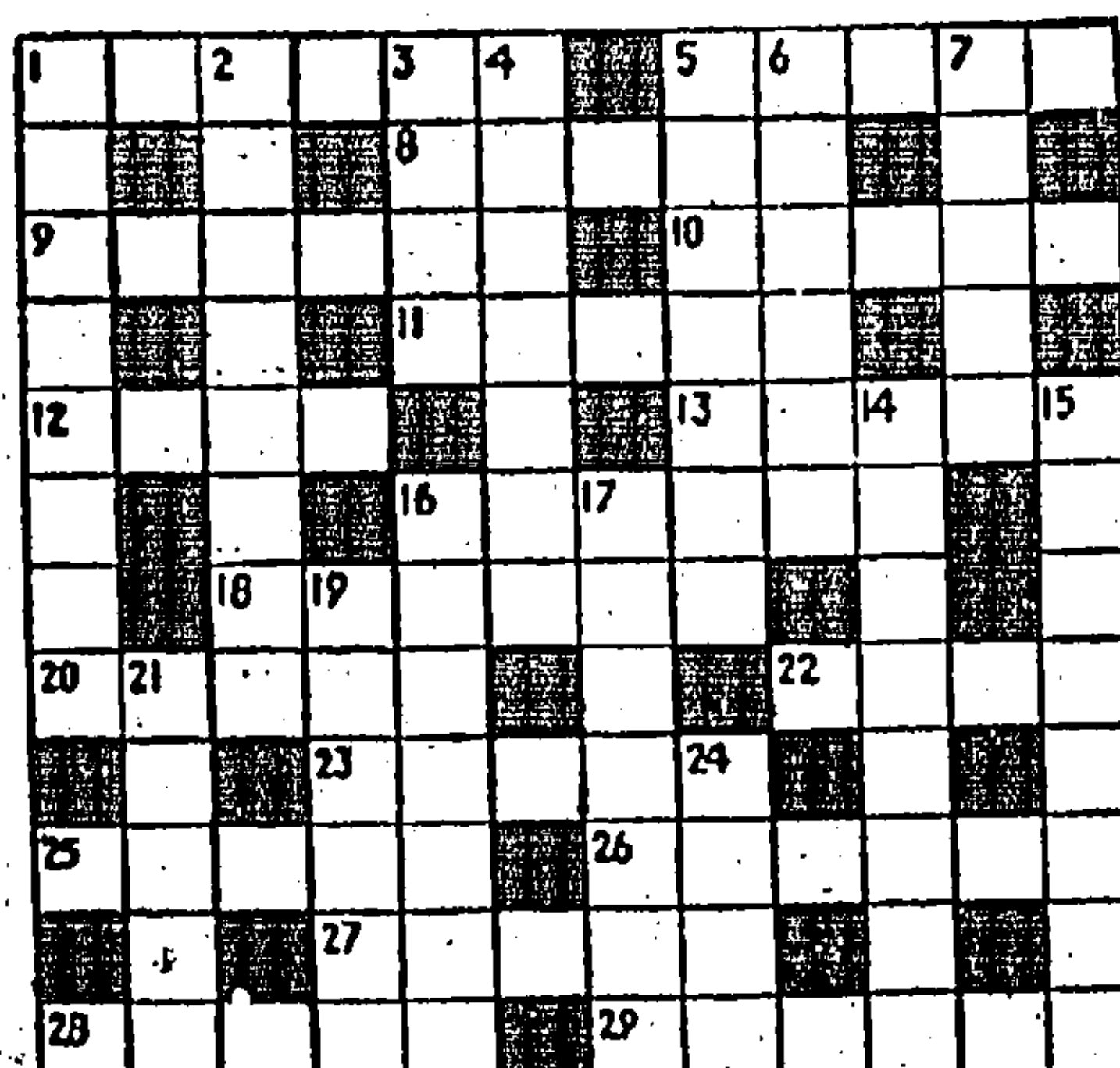
1953 . . . . . First  
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And the indications are that everything is "set fair" for 1957 . . . . . 8 . . . . 9  
"No change expected."

So the China Mail asked Mr Cheung for a copy of "The most successful exhibition picture in the world."

Here it is . . . .  
"Glass and Lines."

## A BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE



**ACROSS**  
1 3-D Arts (6).  
2 Prize (6).  
3 Shrub colour (5).  
4 Line (6).  
5 Twenty (6).  
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**DOWN**  
1 A big figure (10).  
2 Lively-looking land (10).  
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## Where do pop singers go in the summer time?

**WHERE** do the pop . . . ? Well I found five of them at Blackpool. Blackpool heaved in by jellied eels, paper hats and candy floss. Around me here juke boxes blast out the current "pops". And in theatres every second song is preceded by the coy reminder that "This folks, is my latest recording."

Even some of the side show barkers, hoarse with age, have put their sales talk on records and mime to them.

In her dressing room at the end of the North Pier (six minutes' walk and a fourpenny toll fee from the shore) I have tea with Ruby Murray whose latest recording, folks, is "Scarlet Ribbons—Columbia 78. Miss Murray, ten minutes late for our appointment and weighed down with six long-playing records and a portable radio, explains in that squeaky, secretary in having a baby and I had to go out and get these things myself." The records and the radio help Miss Murray while away the time here when she is not singing herself for

several hundred pounds a week.

I ask Miss Murray if she is worried by the fact that whereas once she had five records in the Top Twenty at the same time she now has none. Miss Murray, consoled by her pier theatre earnings says no but perhaps "Scarlet Ribbons" will get there. I would like to hear about the latest addition to her night-dress collection.

This turns out to be a 15-guinea "artem in chiffon" and brings her collection up to 20. I suggest to Miss Murray that come night time she must be the best-dressed sleeping singer in show business. Miss Murray says: "Oh, no. I never sleep in them. I put them on to

**RECORD** by RAMSDEN GREIG

watch television. I sleep in a pair of torn cotton tartan shorts."

**Temperament**

**INLAND**, Yana (whose latest recording, folks, is "Mr Wonderful—HMV 78) peers at me through a peephole in her dressing-room at the Opera House and says, "Come in." It is like entering a speakeasy. Inside the lady explains that the peephole is not her idea and was probably installed by a previous occupant who was temperamental. I take that bit about temperament to be an official denial of local gossip that Yana has acquired a temperamental that is great, big and beautiful.

I observe that this is not the Yana we are used to. There is no make-up on her face. Her dress buttons right up to her neck. There is not a teddy bear in sight (she has a collection of 200 cuddly toys and is seldom without at least half a dozen of them by her side). I am the only man in the room (her

collection of male escorts is considerable but not recorded). I ask Yana if she is any nearer to finding the Mr Wonderful of her latest recording. She says: "I know lots of men, but I still haven't found anyone to love."

What is concerning Yana more than the absence of love in her life is the presence in it of Ruby Murray. Miss Murray's Columbia recording of "Mr Wonderful" has stolen much of Yana's thunder. And last when Yana is hoping to record "Scarlet Ribbons" here is Miss Murray with the record all ready on the shop counters.

**Learning to fly**  
THE training aircraft that is making an erratic course out to sea as I write has in its cockpit Miss Jill Day (whose latest recording, folks, is "Mangoes—HMV 78).

tion is less spectacular. In a town where the limousines of show business line the promenade, Miss Day travels everywhere by bicycle.

**Ordeal over**

**ANNE SHELTON** (whose latest record, folks, is "Absent Friends—Philips 78) comes out to supper with me to celebrate over brisket of beef the fulfilment of a dream and the destruction of a two-year-old diet sheet. The grand dame of the record business who cut her first disc 18 years ago, has hauled her weight down from 10 stone to ten stone ten ozs.

And so to Miss Joan Turner, whose name is billed in feet-high letters in front of the Central Pier music hall. Miss Turner is the most unsuccessful recording artist here—if not in the United Kingdom.

"I made my one and only record (The Shadow Waltz—Philips 78) in 1953. I have just got a cheque for four years' royalties—for 10s. 1d. Even my friends wouldn't buy it."

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• BI-Ampl.

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• 3 loudspeakers  
• BI-Ampl.  
• Built-in tape recorder

**AC 2004**  
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• 3-speed  
recorder  
• An ideal  
gramophone

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• 3 speeds  
• Automatic  
switch  
• Neatly  
finished  
leatherette  
case

**AC 1003**  
\$185  
• 3-speeds  
• Fully automatic

**AC 9107**  
\$245  
• 3 speeds  
• 2-stage  
amplifier  
• 7" loudspeaker

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\$320  
• 3-speed  
turntable  
• High efficiency  
4" loudspeaker  
• Battery powered

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# Your Radio Listening For Next Week In Detail - A "China Mail" Feature

## Two More Hours Of Radio Hongkong On Sundays—Broadcasting From 8 o'clock

### Fourth Test Match Commentaries From Headingley

Two hours are being added to Radio Hongkong's Sunday programmes in English as from tomorrow. Broadcasting will start at 8 a.m. every Sunday morning, and the first news bulletin of the day will be at 9 a.m., followed by the sports results and Home News from Britain.

Radio Hongkong's broadcasting today includes extensive coverage of the second annual Walkathon, the round-the-island walk which last year proved to be a very popular event. Tune in to "Sports Cavalcade" at 8.30 tonight to hear a detailed account of the walk and edited recordings of the start.

In tonight's programme, which goes on the air at 7.30, John Wallace will be talking to William G. Herlihy about the Encyclopaedia Britannica; Tim Birch interviews Grant Wallgill, who is making a TV film about Hongkong for the BBC; and Aileen Dekker brings to the microphone William Clouston with his guitar.

Following the tradition of the minstrels of old, William Clouston, folk-song singer and guitar player, is on his way round the world singing and playing as he goes and collecting new songs from the countries he visits to add to his very extensive collection.

Now in Hongkong, William Clouston, by arrangement with the Music Society, will himself introduce his half-hour programme of songs and music on Radio Hongkong next Tuesday at 8.15 p.m.

**Fourth Test Match—Headingley, Leeds.** is the venue for the Fourth Test Match, starting on Thursday between England and the West Indies. Four Tests were played in the previous tour in 1950, the last of which was won by the touring side.

It was in this match that Ramadhin and Valentine, both of whom are members of the present team, took fourteen wickets between them. Though there is no guarantee that this spectacular feat will be repeated, even so the match promises to be an exciting one, with the present score standing at two matches drawn and one victory to England.

Commentaries on play will be broadcast at 11.15 each evening of the match, and short eye-witness accounts of the previous day's play will be given by commentator Kenneth Abrahams each morning before the 8 a.m. news.

**Wednesday Theatre**—When Paganini first appeared to concert-goers in London, his incredible violin-playing earned him the title of "King of Fiddlers." He also became known as "The Son of Satan," said to be given his power over the violin by the devil as a result of the magic invoked by his mother when he was very young.

Some said that his violin solo, the "Canon Joseph" violin made by the equally strange genius, Guarnieri, was a manifestation of a pact with the devil.

Paganini's strange career is the subject of Wednesday's musical pageant, with James MacKiehead as Paganini, and Campbell, one of Britain's most brilliant contemporary violinists, playing Paganini's music.

**The Goon Show**—The last in the present series of Goon Shows goes on the air tonight at nine o'clock. This programme brings you for the first time the real story behind the invention of the aeroplane, and the problems confronting the daring inventor of the flendish heavier-than-air machine. Listen tonight to this gripping tale of the battle between man and the elements, and we feel sure you will be on the side of the elements every time!

(Broadcasting on a frequency of 880 kilocycles per second).

### Today

12.30 p.m. PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
12.35 THE GAY 75'S.  
1.00 THE GAY 75'S (CONT'D).  
1.15 WEATHER REPORT.  
1.15 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
1.30 LUNCHTIME MUSIC.  
2.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.  
2.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.  
2.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.

### FERNAND

1.00 AM. TIME SIGNAL, OPENING MARCH.  
1.15 WEATHER REPORT, PROGRAMME SUMMARY.  
1.30 NEWS, SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
1.45 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.  
2.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.  
2.00 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.

BLUE (GERHARD) OSCAR LEVANT (PIANO) AND THE PHILADELPHIA ORCH.  
MANTOVANI AND HIS ORCHESTRA  
THE FOUR OF US.  
Poplar Vocal.  
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### Monday

7.00 a.m. TIME SIGNAL, OPENING MARCH.  
7.15 NEWS SUMMARY.  
7.30 WEATHER REPORT.  
7.45 MUSIC FOR TEA TIME.  
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Presented by Aileen Dekker.  
Overture "The Flying Dutchman" (H. Wagner).  
TALKING ABOUT BOOKS.  
"Jenny" by Ada Lewis, Lady W. (Autobiography) Reviewed by Fred.

7.45 INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC.  
7.55 WEATHER REPORT.  
8.00 TIME SIGNAL, THE NEWS.  
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## SPORTS QUIZ

- Who is the Tennis Champion of Australia?
- There have been two famous Gloucestershire cricketers with the initials T.W.G. Who are they?
- What is a toxophilite?
- In which country did basketball originate?
- When did Jack Kramer win the Men's Singles title at Wimbledon?
- This year an Olympic discus-throwing champion married an Olympic hammer-throwing champion. Name: please.
- At what sports could you win a Black Belt and a Lonsdale Belt?
- Which team has won the FA Cup most times?
- What is the lowest possible number of darts to achieve a score of 301?
- Three men have led England touring teams to Australia since the war. Who are they?

Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.

(Answers See Page 17)

# The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

## THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SPORT AND TELEVISION

### Major League Baseball Looks Forward To A Larger Paying Audience

By I. M. MacTAVISH

There is no more engaging question in the whole length and breadth of the world of sport at the present time than that concerning the relationship between sport and television. It is a subject which is being discussed in many countries and in many languages, but, generally, it is a subject which is being chewed over and over, first in the light of essential economics and then in regard to the benefits which sport can derive from this modern medium.

It would be foolish to pretend that it is a straightforward problem with a simple answer or even with an answer which is generally applicable beyond the boundaries of any particular territory.

In other words experience is showing that the relationship which can exist between sport and television must be developed and fostered within a fixed sphere of influence and with a commensurate appreciation of the prevailing local circumstances.

Earlier this week David A. Lipton, Vice-President of Universal-International Films, took part in a television interview here in Hongkong.

A remark which he made regarding the eagerness with which financially shaken American baseball is looking forward to the eventual advent of television has set many folks wondering and many others talking. For, from a distance, at least, it has always seemed that baseball in America was surrounded by, and submerged in, fabulous wealth.

#### INTO FOCUS

The very suggestion that the art of the American cinema should openly welcome a potential new source of income has rather brought the modern picture of highly commercialized professional sport into reasonable focus.

The truth of the matter is that while a sport may turn its back on television in one country, its counterpart in another may see the medium as a possible answer, if not a wealth, at least to new fields of public appreciation.

It is understandable, of course, that crowd pulling sports should display little enthusiasm for a medium which, if adopted, might easily impinge its essential income and its affairs upon which it is mainly for that reason that many major international sporting events never reach the television screen.

But there is another side to the story. . . and Mr. Lipton's comments on the attitude of American baseball to the possibility of developing a great new fee-paying public through the remote screens of television shows that in one sport in one country at least an attitude of compatibility has been developed.

This is a logical evolution that will surely be repeated in many other parts of the world where the strings of professionalism bind sport tightly to a balance sheet. . . and to a profit and loss account.

How easy it would be to imagine that that and other similar circumstances represent the only compatibility between sport and television. . . and how wrong it would be to believe that there are no longer sportsmen and sportswomen ready and willing to share their athletic prowess and pleasure with a new audience without thought of direct monetary reward.

#### WON SUPPORT

It has already been adequately demonstrated down through the years that audio-commentaries—far from undermining the economics of sport—have in fact done the very opposite. . . In other words the broadening of sound commentaries has won new admirers who have eventually become strong supporters of the particular sport or sports which happen to have taken their fancy.

Already there is a new realization among the administrators of those sports which have, for some reason or other, failed to attract the crowds that television offers a great new shop window in which to display the merits and the attractions of their wares with possible long term benefit to their activities.

They believe that TV will produce not only new supporters and admirers of the sport. . . but in the long run it will bring fresh participants into the ranks.

Viewed in this light there is little doubt that television and sport can run complimentary paths. . . paths which should surely prove to be mutually beneficial.

The recent advent of television in Hongkong has raised many of these very questions in the minds of Colony sportsmen and sports officials.

Already there has been much speculation as to which sports will be seen on the TV screen and which current observations it would seem that generally speaking, the coming of the new medium has been very well received by the sporting community.

It has been reported that many controlling bodies have already given their consent to the televising of their activities and it is virtually certain that many games which have been played before a minimum audience in the past will be watched by new eyes when the cooler months come around again.

#### INTIMACY

It will be interesting to watch the various reactions to these circumstances for it should be remembered that the television camera brings a "new and intimate intimacy" into most affairs upon which it is focused. For example, the spinning cricket ball can be watched closely right up to the bat. . . and even beyond it to the stumps; the brilliant stick of the accomplished hockey player can be followed as though at arm's length; and the tough struggles in the tightly packed scrum on the rugby field can be seen almost as closely as the referee sees it. . . although I have heard it suggested that it is a good thing the microphone cannot get as close as the camera!

The really important thing about all this is that viewers will be able to appreciate the basic and developed skills of games with which they were previously unfamiliar.

It may well be that with such a surfeit of winter sport in the Colony there will not be big enough regular doses of any particular game to swing a significant new public to it. . . but according to present information the viewers will certainly get a wide variety of live sporting entertainment.

Televised sport has proved to be a popular innovation in many parts of the world. The irresistible competitive element of man against man and team against team has produced a new armchair audience which in its own way is as appreciative as those who sit round the boundary or the touchline. . . who stand in the paddock or crouch behind the plate. . . or who merely sit in a quiet corner of a club watching two experts matching their skill on the dirt board.

The new "playing field" may be a seventeen inch screen but

it opens up interesting new possibilities of sports appreciation which, if correctly controlled and sympathetically exploited, can do nothing but long term good for sport generally.

The placing of the popular crowd-pulling sports into the picture is not easy. It is a problem fraught with more problems and no doubt initially at least Hongkong will follow the pattern that the advent of TV has produced in many parts of Europe as well as in America.

It is still something of an unsolved problem in the United Kingdom and just how it will resolve itself in our own Colony only time will tell.

## ALICK JEFFREY HOPES TO PLAY FOR DONCASTER ROVERS IN NOVEMBER

By DEREK JOHN

Alick Jeffrey, 18-year-old "wonder boy" of Soccer, who broke his leg playing for Young England last October, hopes to play again for Doncaster Rovers in November.

Jeffrey, well on the way to an England cap until his injury, had been written off by many of soccer's injury "experts" because of the length of time his leg took to mend.

But this only made power-play Alick all the more determined to come back.

Alick has had his eyes set on the calendar, where he signed Saturday, October 18. "I had hoped to be around and about a year almost to the day when it happened," he says. "Now I think I have been a little too optimistic, too hopeful."

"But I'm kicking off a Saturday in November for a run out with the second or third team and from then on I will keep my fingers crossed."

The right leg that scored so many goals against international and Second Division defences is being nursed, oh so

tenderly, by big Jack Hodgson, the Doncaster trainer.

Alick has thrown away his crutches, walks with the aid of sticks and is at the ground twice every day for exercises.

While his teammates are training Alick is on the sidelines bending and stretching in his endless abdominal exercises. He is not yet allowed to kick the ball.

Soon he switches from abdominal exercises to work on a rowing machine. That machine belongs to Joe Blythe, who lives near the Doncaster ground. Joe heard about Alick's difficulty in shedding weight and tugged the con-

traption over to the Belle Vue ground.

#### ON A DIET

Alick is also on a diet, substituting gruel for food. All fats are out.

That's the keenness and determination this lad with 230,000 worth of soccer intelligence in his feet is showing in the effort to return to the game at an age when hundreds of other youngsters still await their debut.

In Doncaster the wise boys have been saying that Alick Jeffrey, who had ten plaster casts on his leg, will never come back. Alick says he will—and means it.

Rory Macfie Faulkner, the gay golfer, no sooner has a trip for the French Open Championship behind him than he plans more golf travelling. This winter he is going on a six-week tour to Panama, Jamaica, Venezuela, Brazil and the Argentine.

"But before that trip," says Max, "I've got to beat my American in the Ryder Cup match."

He has sound views on how to gain that coveted victory over the Americans. Chief of these views is to inject a big dose of the Faulkner confidence into the rest of the side, and not start by being overawed by the opposition.

Britain could take a step towards winning the Ryder Cup by appointing Faulkner vice-captain.

He is the only former Open champion in the side. He would give fine moral support to Dai Reece, who, after the sound job he did in the last match, is the obvious first choice as leader.

#### LADIES FIRST

Two horsewomen, Pat Smythe and Dawn Falchthorpe, are now first choices for the British show-jumping team, and as such, Sheila Wilcock, leader of the world in the three-day event.

Britain's team to defend the European Juvenile Show-Jumping Championship will be selected soon from four girls and one boy, Tony Minkin.

Why, I am sure, of equestrianism, including dressage, do the women lead? I explain it by the higher proportion of girls than boys in the country's pony clubs and the readiness of girls to act as their own grooms, and even to become grooms at riding stables—an occupation which, except in the Army, no longer appeals to men.

Girls devote all day to practice. The opposite sex have their living to earn, and no time to spare for the complete affinity with a horse which gives the woman such an advantage.

It is not easy to detect in the pony clubs obvious successors to Harry Llewellyn and Wilf White who, like the leading women, belong to a long-term partnership with one horse. The best hopes—Paul Oliver, Tom Barnes and Mairi—all live on farms and so have opportunities which never come to young business men.

#### MOTORCYCLING

Following the disqualification of Libero Libertini in the Belgian Grand Prix, there are now three men, each with 14 points, vying for the lead in the Senior World Motor Cycle Championship. They are: Libero, John Surtees and Bob McIntyre.

John Brett, now ranks fourth, only three points behind the leader and in next month's Ulster Grand Prix, run over the difficult "Dundrod" circuit, he should stand an excellent chance of finishing well up, possibly of winning.

But Brett will be outclassed in the Irish Grand Prix, run over the fast, straight, "Dundrod" circuit, as Monza calls for sheer speed, with little emphasis on cornering qualities.

Brett rides a privately owned and modified 1954 500cc. Norton. Surtees and McIntyre have 1955 500cc. Norton machines. McIntyre and Libero both ride Norton 500s and Surtees on a MV-Agusta.

#### GREAT RING BATTLES

## When Keenan's Left Jabbed Desperately Into The Zulu's Mouth

By HAROLD MAYES

Longest-serving of all Britain's Champions is Peter Keenan, the chirpy, curly-topped Glaswegian with the laughing eyes and boxing brain. He's the most experienced British Champion with title fights under his belt from the world crown down to the Scottish championship. And he's the least reluctant of British Champions to put up any title he may hold for the time being, anywhere.

Keenan is a man who can box and fight, get himself out of trouble if he happens to run into it, and win in the manner a real champion should.

Fresh in mind is the way he turned an impending defeat into a split-second victory when he won his second Lonsdale Belt outright, two months ago by stopping fellow Scot John Smith, the Edinburgh south-paw, who having cut Peter's eye in the first minute of the first round, thought he had the passport to success.

Even easier to recall is the boxing lesson Keenan gave to Frenchman Robert Tortori only a week or two ago. Having cut Peter's eye in the fourth round, Tortori was shown all the merits of brilliant footwork and an educated left hand for the remainder of the ten-round journey.

#### 55 STITCHES

In the dressing room that night, the tally of stitches which have been squeezed into Keenan's left eyebrow reached fifty-five.

Some of those stitches went into Keenan as the night of September 14, 1955. That night, at Cathkin Park, Glasgow, Keenan put up his grandest battle.

His opponent was Jake Tull, the cuddly bundle of Zulu energy and dynamite. Little Jake was a man who scarcely knew the meaning of the word retreat and on that chilly, wet evening Tull went to work as if he intended being back in the shelter of the dressing-room before there was time to catch a chill.

In he went all fists and fury, and in no time Keenan was on the floor. The former Empire Flyweight Champion dropped him for counts of three, eight and three before that blistering opening round had gone more than two-thirds of its allotted course and the doubters and

the knoosers were already writing off Keenan. How those people were going to be made to eat their words! For those doubting Thomases were sitting in on a contest which goes down in my book as among the greatest of all time.

Keenan was positively willing under that first-round onslaught. It was true that he had had a battle with the scales. But the crowd didn't know why, because his best-kept secret had been the fact, nine days before, while sparring, he had suffered one of those inevitable cut eyes, and had been unable to complete his preparation properly.

Two stitches had been inserted, but Keenan wasn't the type to call off a fight for anything so insignificant as a cut eye.

#### GRIEVOUS ERROR

By the end of that first round, however, he could have been forgiven for thinking that he had made a grievous error of judgment. For not only had he been on the floor three times, but the training injury in his most vulnerable spot was showing an ugly red, ready to open up again.

And he had to face the prospect of 14 more rounds if he was to hang on to the precious British Empire bantamweight title.

Almost as soon as the second round began, that left eye was reopened. Now Keenan was in desperate trouble, and it was just a matter of how long it would be before Tull crashed in on the advantage he had gained.

Keenan banked on his immaculate left hand to get him out of trouble. As round followed round, he

jabbed his left so often in the South African's mouth that it became an ugly red smear. So the battle of punches developed into a thrilling battle of wills also, with Tull becoming more and more frustrated by the manner in which Keenan was able to assume command.

#### NOSE CUT

Slowly, slowly, but so surely, nevertheless, Keenan became the aggressor, the driving force. But in the ninth round a cut on his nose added to his earlier troubles, and he had to go cautiously for a spell.

By the eleventh, however, the flood-gates had opened, and Tull was in full retreat. It was Tull who was desperately short of stamina, and his chances of recovery were slight.

Yet in the twelfth round Wee Jake was fighting back again. Another eye cut, and a wound on the forehead he inflicted on Keenan as he staged his last-ditch rally.

One more punch might make Tull champion, but by now he was very much a spent force.

#### LEFT HOOK

Keenan was definitely on top now, but could the still masterful, sufficient power to hang a punch on his flagging opponent?

He gave the answer in the 14th round. Tull, his arms getting lower and lower, was still trying to throw punches. Then, just as a champion should, Keenan saw the unguarded jaw. Over stepped a left hook, flush on the point—a punch I shall never forget.

It stretched out Tull on his back for the full count. And a great little woman had turned almost certain defeat into glorious victory.

Next Article: How one punch put Hogan Basse on the path to a world title.

27 fathoms down

Since 1956 all ROLEX and Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.

To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.

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#### Teen rage



**PRECIOUS MOMENTS.**  
CHERRY HEERING.



# Here's A Cheap Boat You Can Build In Your Own Backyard

Two boats in the fourteen-foot class can take you from start to finish in your sailing career. The General Purpose 14 will give you terrific fun as a novice and the International 14 complete satisfaction as an experienced helmsman.

Popularity of the GP 14 is due to its merit and cheapness. Originally designed for estuary and inland water, she has proved a good all-rounder.

The sturdy, adaptable little boat is equally good in rough or smooth waters, as her deck keeps out flying spray at sea.

Smaller than usual in sail spread, she will still move in even the lightest of airs. That's why you find GP 14s on re-

servoirs and inland waters as well as around the coast.

The hull printed on the top of her sail makes her readily identifiable.

She is 14ft. long and 5ft. wide, with a sail area of 102 sq. ft. The price is £124, but the GP 14 was specially designed for home building. Complete kit costs only £200.

## SAFE SAILING

This reliable dinghy offers many hours of sensible and safe sailing for her two-man crew.

The International 14 is the thoroughbred from which all present-day centre-boards have sprung. For though these boats aren't a one-design class, they are designed and constructed to a set of 20 restrictions which gives freedom in shape, and makes their cost double that of any one-design boat of the same size.

But don't write that off as vanity or extravagance. For that extra cost the proud owner gets the thrill of putting all his own ideas and gadgets into the boat.

Owners in this class include some of the most experienced boat sailors and helmsmen.

Not surprising then that most of the new ideas in rigging, design, masting and handling have developed through the International 14.

The enthusiasm and ingenuity of many owners who wanted their boat to be just that little bit better have ensured that.

No doubts about her seaworthiness either. Back in 1928, I sailed my 14 footer Avenger the 100 miles from Cowes to Havre. We won all our races in the regatta there and then sailed back again.

We crossed over in a south-wester strong enough to turn a fifty tonner back into the waters



London Express Service

of Wight. We returned in a stiffish wind also.

On that occasion I played safe and took a third man for balling. The Avenger also had a 100lb. bronze drop keel for stability.

## LUST FOR SPEED

The lust for speed and "planning over the water" have resulted in a wooden drop keel being adopted.

Now, although the boats are equally seaworthy, they call for more concentrated effort and attention in handling.

Feature of the International 14 is that, unlike most boats of her size, she is completely un-decked.

Maximum sail area by the International Yacht Racing rules is 125 sq. ft. which means that the actual sail carried is about 100 sq. ft.

Length must not exceed 14ft. and she must not measure less than 4ft. 8in. wide, with sail height no more than 22½ft. above the boat.

Minimum weight is 225lb., and she must float 200lb. when submerged.

The boat costs £250, with another £50 for sails, including a spinnaker.

Coveted trophy for this class is the Prince of Wales Cup, raced for annually at various centres round Britain. This is recognised as the championship for open boat racing.

This year the event will be at Hunstanton on July 18 under the flag of the North Norfolk Sailing Club.

—(London Express Service).  
(COPYRIGHT)

## THIRD TEST REFLECTIONS

# ENGLAND MAY RECALL DAVID SHEPPARD

By DENNIS HART

One-hundred-and-fifty-eight overs; 357 runs; three wickets. And every figure tells a story—for the West Indies a sad story of defeat and disappointment on the cricket field.

These figures are the returns for the second and third Tests and for the second innings of the first Test of Sonny Ramadhin, the man who in 1950 mesmerised England's batsmen. Add the 26 overs bowled for 88 runs scored and no wickets taken by Alf Valentine and the explanation for the West Indies setback is almost complete.

In 1950 Ram and Val took 59 of the 80 England wickets.

Small wonder then that the 1957 tourists are struggling, whereas in 1950 they romped to victory after victory.

Two things have caused the turnaround. Test wickets have not given spinners the encouragement they did in 1950. Then, even at Lord's, England went in with three spinners.

And Valentine just isn't the same bowler he was seven years ago. I think he has been bowled into the ground with the tremendous amount of work he has been called upon to do on unresponsive pitches in the West Indies and Australia.

He can still spin the ball, but his length has gone. His failure is one of the saddest stories of the season. Valentine really likes his cricket; to him it is an art, and it is with an artist's fingers that he has created his masterpiece in spin.

## A STOCK BOWLER

But he has been needed more as a stock bowler. It's like asking an artist to mass-produce masterpieces.

The other half of the story is the way England's batsmen have countered Ramadhin. In 1950, the two bowlers were complementary. Ramadhin would so baffle the batsmen that often in desperation they took risks against Valentine.

When Ramadhin routed England in the first innings at Edgbaston it seemed this could again be the pattern. But Peter May, ably assisted by Colin Cowdrey, more than swung the balance the other way in a memorable recovery, and it has been that way ever since.

England's batting now stands at a height not reached since pre-war days—especially now that Tom Graveney has found his touch in Test cricket.

One problem that remains to be solved is that of finding an opening partner for Peter Richardson, who, incidentally, looks like giving England valuable service for many years to come.

Brian Close and Don Smith have failed to take their chances, although both, I fancy, can do better than they have done in Test cricket.

## AVAILABLE

Will either get another opportunity? Or will the Rev. David Sheppard make another dramatic re-appearance in the England side? He will be available for both the fourth and fifth Tests. It has now been suggested that he will be available to go to Australia next year with the MCC.

If this is so, then he is bound to play in the fourth Test against the West Indies. If not, his selection would be short-sighted, especially as England are not in dire straits as far as scoring runs is concerned.

But as one committed to watch the match I should not be sorry to see Sheppard in the team.

If he were to play and go to Australia what a happy position England would be in. The selectors could then play the full four-man attack, plus Bailey, and confidently leave the five batsmen to get the runs.

And England's bowling strength must be taken into account when considering the

failure of the West Indies batting. Weekes, Worrell, Walcott and Co. are almost the batsmen they were in 1950. Walcott, indeed, has probably improved.

The difference between the scores they chalked up then and their performances in the present series can be measured in the bowling of men like Freddie Trueman, Brian Statham, Ian Laker, not to mention Trevor Bailey.

Trueman is maturing into a really fine bowler. He is as fearless as ever, and now shows a fine control in varying his deliveries. As well as he is bowling now, Frank Tyson will have a job to regain his place.

—(London Express Service).

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## Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Ashley John Cooper.
2. Goddard and Graveney.
3. A lever or student of Archery.
4. United States in 1891.
5. 1047.
6. Olga Fikotova and Harold Connolly.
7. Judo and Boxing.
8. Aston Villa, Seven times.
9. Six.
10. Hammond, Brown and Hutton.

trim  
and  
THIN

by

Pioneer



THE BOYS' & GIRLS' CLUBS ASSOCIATION  
invites your support in helping to train the Hongkong citizens of tomorrow. Subscriptions should be sent to: The Hong Kong Boys' & Girls' Clubs Association, War Memorial Welfare Centre, Southern Playground, Wanchai. Telephone 1441.

## Doctor's Blunt Warning Ends Hans Stretz's Boxing Career

By HANS SCHAEFER

Frankfurt.

The handsome man was rubbing his right eye. "The doctors told me to stop boxing—otherwise I run the risk of losing my sight. How can I become a blind man when I have a family?"

The doctor's blunt warning put an end to the brilliant career of Hans Stretz, one of Germany's greatest boxers of post-war years in the middleweight division.

The doctor's diagnosis—an injury to the retina of the right eye—finished the career of a man who did not only make money on his sport—but loved the "noble art of self defence" with all his heart.

Stretz, 29, who had appeared in 89 pro bouts before fate struck out against him, several days ago turned to professional wrestling to make a living, for his two children and his good-looking wife.

What happened to Stretz who in his 89 pro matches achieved 72 victories, nine draws, and eight defeats?

Sitting in his comfortable two-room apartment in West Berlin, the national Lightweight Champion said: "Last November 7 at Montevideo (Uruguay) I was fighting Dagomar Martinez, a non-title match. During the fight, my opponent pushed his thumb in my eye."

"First I did not pay any attention to this light injury—and this was my great mistake. Later on, I received treatment in a local eye clinic."

And only recently, doctors there after a thorough check-up, warned that his eye is sensitive to punches and that a sudden blood coagulation can blind him at any moment.

"I cannot run this risk," Stretz, who started boxing as a professional in 1948, said.

## GRAPPLERS' CIRCUS

"Therefore I turned to pro wrestling at a Berlin grapplers' circus."

According to friends of Stretz, Hans is said to have signed a contract guaranteeing him 100,000 marks (roughly \$25,000) a year.

But neither Stretz nor the circus manager wanted to go into the details on the contract, especially the financial section.

And as he had not learned anything about boxing, his decision to turn to catch-as-catch-can grappling, according to experts, should not be too bad since there he can, at least, make more money than as an unskilled labourer.

Stretz, who donned the gloves for the first time when he was a 14-year-old schoolboy and who in 1947 appeared in 20 amateur

matches, scoring 20 wins, also was German middleweight champion. He switched to the light-heavyweight division only a little more than a year ago.

But despite being one of Germany's greatest boxers, Stretz did not always succeed in making really big money on his fists.

When he was still fighting in the middleweight class, Hans was punching in the shadow of "Bubi" Gustav Scholz, the boxer with the "photogenic look."

## FAT PURSES

While Scholz received fat fight purses, Stretz, occasionally was used to fill the gap when one or another fighters slated to appear in a match was unable to come for some reason or another.

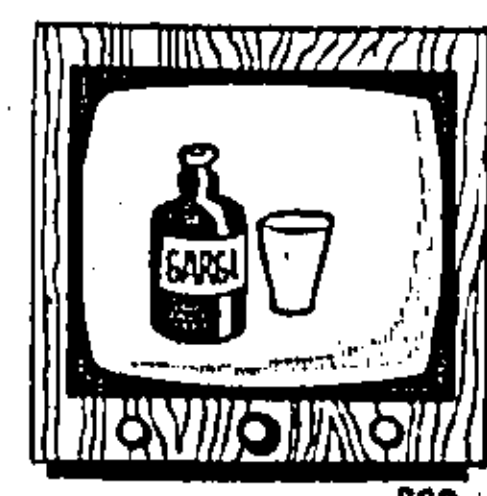
But Stretz did not mind much as he really loved his sport.

Stretz, quitting the active scene constitutes a severe loss for the nation's pro fistle sport. Hans was among the few fighters who also won a good reputation abroad, not only for his gallant fighting but also for his unassuming manners.

It was also partly thanks to Stretz's efforts—and those of several other fighters—that the long crisis in the country's pro fistle sport was overcome finally last year when more and more spectators flocked to the arenas as good boxing was offered them.

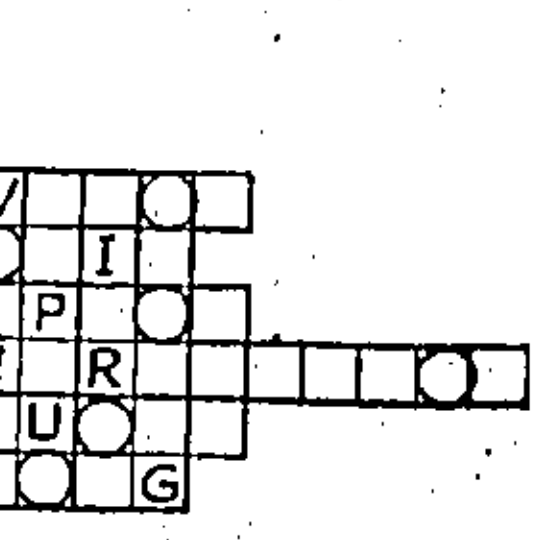
On Stretz's international record are victories over Ben Buker and Minca of Spain, Andre de Keersgieter of Belgium, Willy Armstrong and Johnny Sullivan of England, Mickey Laurent of France, and Randy Turpin of Britain.

In 1950, he lost to Sugar Ray Robinson after a gallant fight. In early 1950, he lost on points to European Champion Charles Humez of France in another non-title bout.—United Press.



## NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?



Solution on Back Page

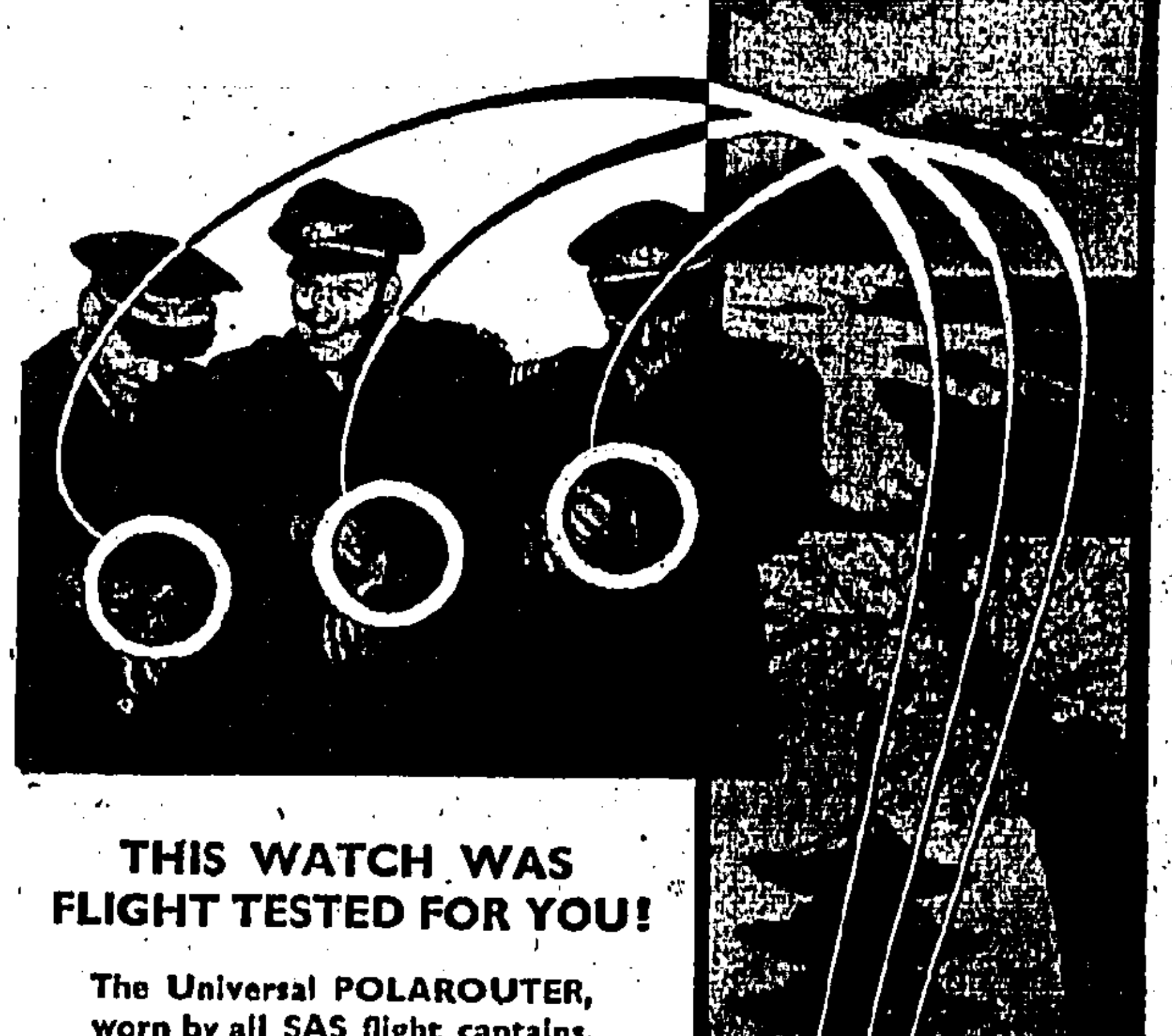
- 1 Human sound
- 2 Song
- 3 Musical work
- 4 Blending
- 5 One of the arts
- 6 Melody

## BE SPECIFIC

by  
CATHAY  
PACIFIC



PRESSURISED DC-6  
SERVICE



## THIS WATCH WAS FLIGHT TESTED FOR YOU!

The Universal POLAROUTER,  
worn by all SAS flight captains.

Flight-tested accuracy is yours with the Universal POLAROUTER, the self-winding watch that keeps the flight captains of S.A.S. (Scandinavian Airlines System) on time in all parts of the world.

The success story of the POLAROUTER began on November 15, 1954. On that day, S.A.S. opened the top of the world to commercial aviation. Flying the direct transpolar route from Europe to the U.S. West Coast, S.A.S. flight chiefs needed a watch they could trust.

Universal, whose factory is the most modern in Switzerland, designed the watch and fittingly named it the POLAROUTER.

Today, some 10,000 flying hours and over 50 million passenger miles later, flight captains on the entire worldwide S.A.S. network keep on time with Universal POLAROUTER watches. So can you.

And you will be wearing a watch that's at hand—some and up-to-date as the sleek silver birds on which the POLAROUTER was flight-tested for you.

1954 The world's first commercial Polar air service was pioneered by S.A.S. and opened in Nov. 1954, linking Europe and the U.S. West Coast via Greenland.

1957 The first commercial air service to cross the North Pole will be opened by S.A.S. in 1957, linking Europe and the Far East. With one stop in Alaska, this second route in the S.A.S. Polar System will cut travel time from the present 32 hours via India to 20 hours. S.A.S. will use the new DC7C on the North Pole route—the fastest plane today.

Universal, whose factory is the most modern in Switzerland, designed the watch and fittingly named it the POLAROUTER.

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"POLAROUTER"  
UNIVERSAL  
GENEVE

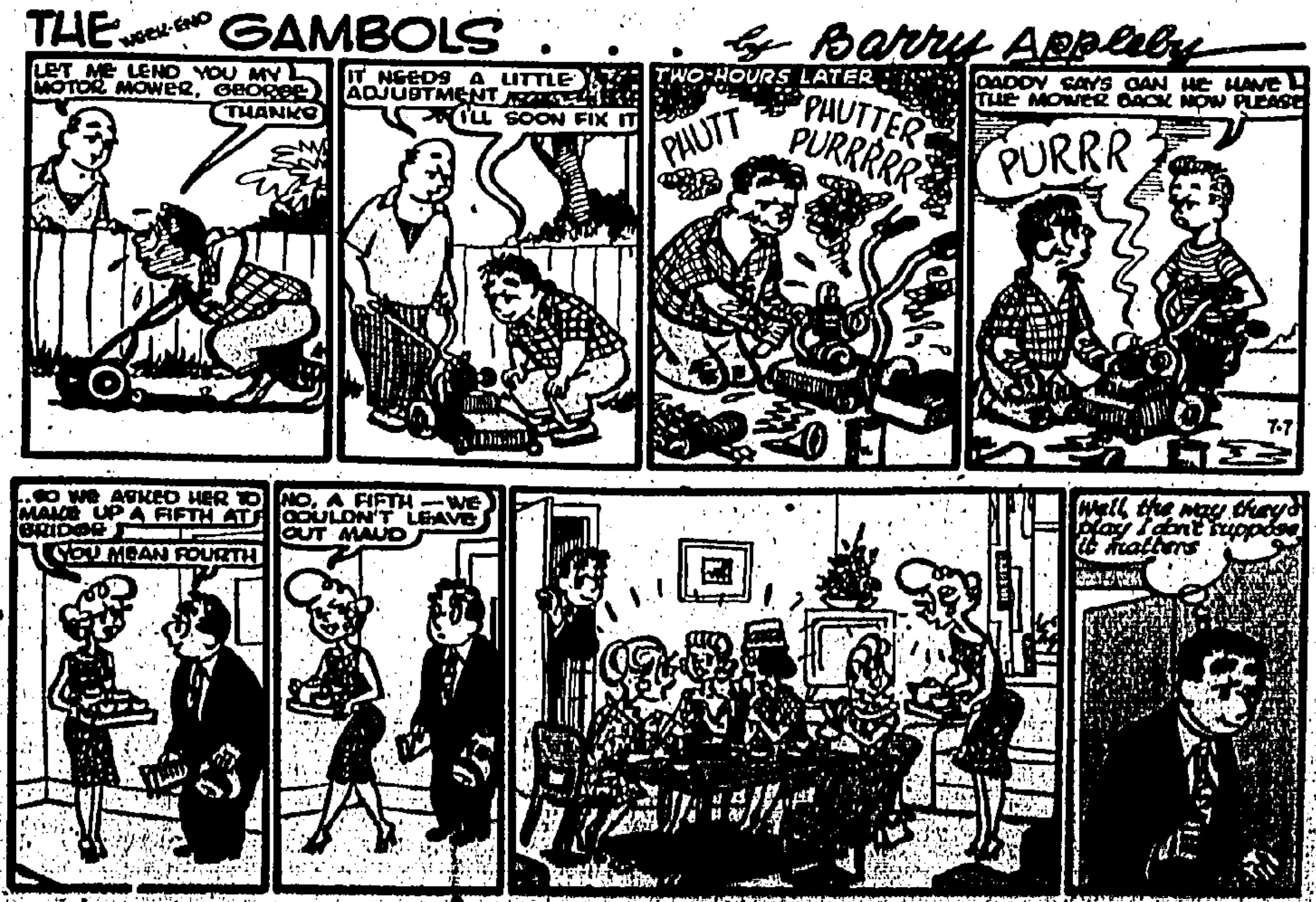
1954 U

Keep Your Appointment  
Arland Watch Co., 28 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Rene De Wael Co., 55 Queen's Road, C.  
Tat Sang Watch Co., 104 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Sundown Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.  
Gul Wai Watch Co., 97 Queen's Road, C.  
Sarsnet Watch Co., 104 Des Voeux Road, C.  
Lam Yuen Fung Watch Co., 170 Des Voeux Road, C.

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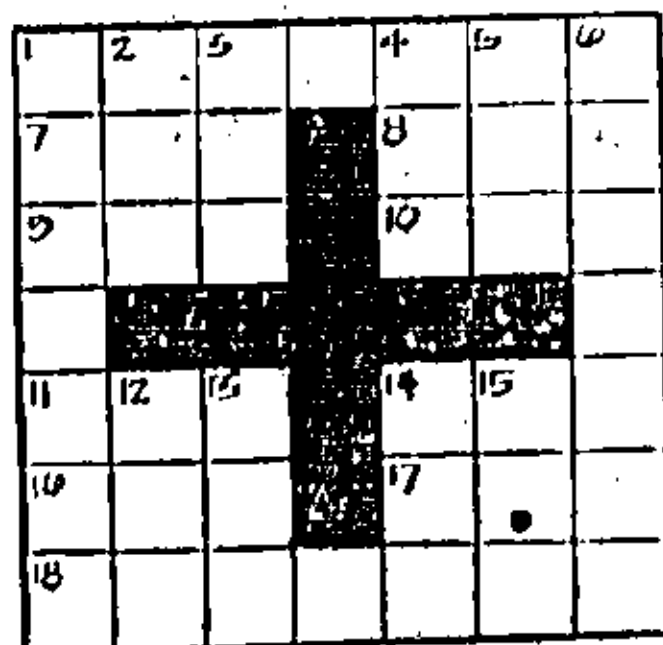


★ ★ ★

## FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

## CROSSWORD



## ACROSS

- 1 Trades
- 7 Years of your life
- 8 Decay
- 9 You do this when sleepy
- 10 Arabian garment
- 11 Uncle Tom's friend
- 14 He's in the Bible
- 16 Rodent
- 17 Anger
- 18 Ocean vessel

## DOWN

- 1 Flags
- 2 Long, long —
- 3 Colour
- 4 Age
- 5 Steel
- 6 Stutter
- 12 Huge tub
- 13 Consumed
- 14 Pronoun
- 15 Exist

## WORD CHAIN

Can you change SAFE to RASH in four moves? Just change one letter at a time and make sure you have a good word after each change. Puzzlerman says you may need these hints: First change F to T, then S to R, T to S and E to H.

## TRIANGLE

Today's triangle hangs on VIRGINIA. The second word is "third," "passed," fourth, "opening in fence," fifth, "followers," sixth, "a boy's nickname," and seventh, "exists." Can you complete the triangle from the clues?

VIRGINIA  
H  
I  
N  
I  
A

## WORD SQUARE

After you rearrange the letters in each strange row, rearrange the rows so you can read your answer the same down as across:

A	E	O	L	R
A	A	M	L	T
A	E	R	L	T
A	E	N	R	S
A	O	M	N	R

## SOUND ALIKES

Missing words in the Puzzleman's sentence sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you complete the sentence correctly?

The — scouts sat down and — the last of their rations before continuing the hike.  
(Solutions on Page 19)

## A TRUE STORY:

## RAG DOLL WAS HISTORY'S SILENT WITNESS

THE date was April 9, 1865.

Little Lula McLean had been happy playing with her rag doll, even though the sound of firing sounded every once in a while in the fields and woods and in the wide valley close by.

Lula and her family lived at Appomattox Court House, Virginia. And there, on that long-ago Palm Sunday, something of the utmost importance was about to happen.

She had overheard her father talking with her mother. He had been out walking that morning and had met an officer in a blue uniform.

★ ★ ★

The officer had asked Mr. McLean if he could direct him to a suitable house for an important meeting which was to be held soon—a meeting between General Grant of the Union Army and General Lee of the Confederacy.

And Lula had heard the sadness in her father's voice as he told her mother he had offered their home.

Within an hour, famous men were gathered together in the McLeans' parlour, and history was written. General Lee was surrendering to General Grant. But Lula McLean was too young to realise the importance



The rag doll, a silent witness, was carried away by young officer.

of such an act. She was only five. And when the strange man came into the room where she was "playing house," she ran out so quickly that she forgot to take her doll.

It was not a pretty doll, judged by today's standards. It had stumpy burlap arms and legs, a queer-shaped head with not much stuffing in it. And it had no hair at all.

★ ★ ★

Its face had been painted on, but the features had a smeared look, as if a little girl might have kissed them a lot. There was no doubt that Lula loved her doll quite as much as any little mother today loves her beautiful, icy-dressed one.

But she was so frightened by all the strange men that she ran out of that room without her.

General Grant, in his rumpled blue officer's coat, sat at a table and wrote the terms of surrender which President Lincoln had suggested to him the week before.

There was to be no harshness. No spirit of revenge. The defeated armies were to give up their rifles and turn over their cannons and horses and guns and trucks as quickly as possible to their homes.

The officers might keep their swords and pistols, and their horses, too, and their mules. They would need them to start crops right away.

General Lee, impeccably dressed in his Confederate uniform, sadly signed the surrender terms. Then he mounted his beautiful white steed, the Traveller, to ride back to his lines.

Robert Lincoln, son of the president and a captain on General Grant's staff, was in the room that day. He tried to remember everything that happened there, for he knew his father would want to know.

As soon as General Lee rode away, the McLean home became a whirlwind of excitement.

Swarms of officers in blue arrived from wherever, all wanting to buy something from that new-famous room. Every single thing in it would be a precious relic from then on.

They bought the table on which Grant had written his surrender, even the inkstand. Soldiers even knelt and picked the violets in the yard, to send away in letters that night.

And what of the rag doll? Someone had found her, and the men looked at her, and smiled, calling her the "silent witness."

## PULL THIS TRICK ON YOUR PALS

THIS trick requires but a single prop—a cardboard kitchen match box—the kind with the sliding cover.

Invite one member of your audience to write a question on a piece of paper and place it in the box, which you hold open in your hand. Instruct him to fold it up very small first, just to make sure that you can't read the writing.

Put at a table while you do this, and close the box in full view of everybody present. Next, you'll appear to close your eyes, while you place the

box to your forehead and pretend to think deeply. Then you'll repeat the question exactly as it is written, and give some sort of answer, if you like.

But the reason why you'll be able to do this is a lot less mystical than it sounds. There will be a hole cut in the bottom of the box itself. This will permit the well-folded bit of paper to slip through and into your hand before you slide the box lid shut.

Then, while calling attention to your right hand, which is busy "putting" the box against your temples, you can discreetly unfold the paper underneath the table with your left hand. And you can read it very easily, because your eyes only seem to be closed as they look down.

Putting the wooden chicken on into a tree.

So I'll try to talk to some of these angry birds. Perhaps I can make them change their minds, if not, perhaps I can see the right

chicken and warn him. Meanwhile, you can see me. I can see you're too tired to go any further. He says, "So I'll try to talk to some of these angry birds. Perhaps I can make them change their minds, if not, perhaps I can see the right

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But the doll is still safe today, and is loved not only by children, but by a whole family.

She belongs to the grandson of the young colonel who rode away with her that bright spring day. His name is Richard Channing Moore, and his home is just outside New York on Long Island.

★ ★ ★

The rag doll sits on the living-room mantel, her cotton body as soft as ever, her straw-filled legs and arms just as stiff. Perhaps her clothing is more disarranged than when little Lula McLean saw her last, but she is just as greatly loved as ever.

Mr. Moore also treasures the spurs and epaulets of his grandfather.

But his two children, a girl and a boy, have always known that these lifeless tokens could not compare with the rag doll who actually did witness the surrender at Appomattox. To them she is a person, their beloved "silent witness."

—M. S. SHELTON

## THE LIFE OF RODEO COWBOYS

By M. G. SHELTON

PEOPLE who complain that the West has lost its romance, and that today's cowboy is a poor substitute for the ridin', shootin' boys of the old days, just haven't seen rodeo cowpokes in action.

For heady excitement and cold chills nothing quite equals a rodeo cowboy on a bucking horse.

These boys who "ride the shows" (which is their language for following rodeos and competing for prize money) are not to be confused with mail-order cowboys—tenderfeet in expensive cowboy regalia. They are the real bronco-busters.

They make a profession of taming wild horses in the arena. In addition they have to be experts at bulldozing, wrestling, steeple chasing, roping, and other feats of strength and skill.

During a riding career that is not yet finished, one champion rider from South Dakota has had three ankle breaks, seven broken foot bones, a blood clot which led to temporary paralysis, and so many broken ribs that an X-ray of his chest looks ragged.

But in that time he has won eight Rodeo Cowboys Association world championships, 10 International Rodeo Association world championships, 29 saddles, 70 gold or silver buckles, and many other prizes.

And he thinks it was worth getting injured so many times. He refers to a hard fall from a bucking horse or steer as "eating gravel," and it's all in the day's work.

And if at times he finds himself broke, he wraps himself in his soggy hat at night and pulls his head out of his saddle, under the stars. A cowboy can be happy there, just dreaming about slinking his potholes (spurs) into a real sun-fisher without once "pulling farther."

It's a great life for those who love it.

Listen to a group of cowboys talk. You will hear them speak almost reverently of a mount that "swallows his tail" (does genuine bucking and no foolin')

Putting the wooden chicken on into a tree.

So I'll try to talk to some of these angry birds. Perhaps I can make them change their minds, if not, perhaps I can see the right

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## CAN YOU SOLVE THIS MYSTERY?

By HAROLD GLUCK

THE JUDGE of the probate court sighed.

"What I need is the wisdom of Solomon. One of those twins is entitled to the million dollars."

"But which one?" completed the court referee. "They are identical twins. Have perfect teeth. Records were destroyed when the mission building at Kee-Chow burned. We haven't a handwriting specimen. What do we do?"

"They say money is the root of all evil," snapped back the judge. They were happy together until it was learned that the late Franklin Reimels was heir to his aunt's million. His widow gets that million.

## WHO?

"But who is the widow? Who is Ethel and who is Anne? Can't you help us at all, Mr. Tobin?"

Hiram Tobin, attorney for the estate, shrugged his shoulders. "Franklin went abroad to do some research, fell in love with Ethel and married her."

"Three years ago I was at Kee-Chow and met Mrs. Ethel Reimels for about twenty minutes. I can't tell who is who!"

"I've been thinking about something I observed," said the judge. "Bring the two sisters into my office. I want to speak to them."

Ethel and Anne stood before His Honour.



"Hold your hands out and let me look at them," he said.

Both women followed instructions and the judge studied the hands carefully.

"Seems to me the widow should have the family wedding ring and engagement ring on her finger," he commented.

## VERDICT

"That can be easily explained," said the twin on the right. "We were penniless. In order to raise funds to come to America I had to sell my rings."

"Correct," interrupted the other twin. "Except that I am the widow and I sold my rings. My twin sister is lying."

"The court is now capable of coming to a decision," said the judge. "The twin on the left is Mrs. Ethel Reimels."

How could the judge be certain about his identification?  
(Solution on Page 19)

## The Thirsty Canary

—He Rejects An Old Enemy's Offer Of Help—

By MAX TRELL

CHRISTOPHER Cricket came over and sat himself on a convenient daisy next to Knarf and Hand, the shadow children with the turned-about names.

"Did you hear about what happened to Canary?" he said.

"What happened to Canary?" asked Hand.

"He got thirsty," said Christopher.

"What of that?" said Knarf. "Everybody gets thirsty some time or other."

"Yes," said Christopher, "only it was different with Canary. He didn't have any water. It's not good to get thirsty when you haven't any water."

This is the story that Christopher Cricket told Knarf and Hand while sitting on a convenient daisy.

"I had just come into the playroom," said Christopher, "when I heard Canary. He was saying—or singing out, if you please—'A fine thing to happen to me. A fine thing! He hopped down from his perch in the centre of the cage and glanced sharply with one eye into his water cup. It was empty."

"Not a drop! Canary went on. 'Not a drop of water to drink! Water! Water!' he called shrilly, hoping the children upstairs in their room would hear him. But they didn't and they wouldn't have known what he was trying to say in any case."

## Real Live Thing

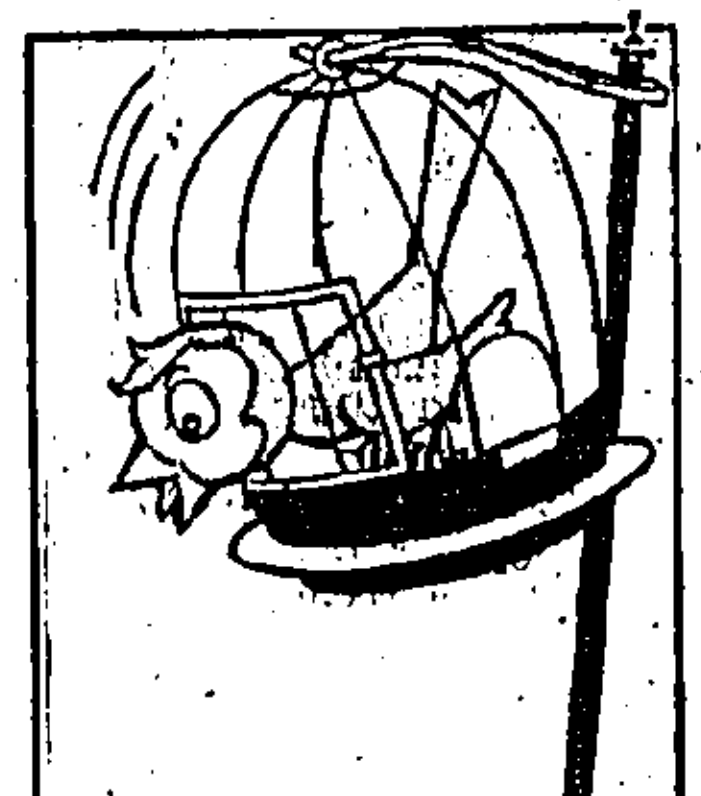
"General Tin, the Tin Soldier, who was standing below, the Canary's cage in the playroom, turned to Whoo, the Hobby Horse, and said: 'You see, that's what comes of being a real live thing like a Canary. You ought to be glad you're a wooden horse and not a real horse!'"

"Is water good?" asked Hobby Horse.

"I suppose so," said General Tin. "People and animals like dogs and cats are always drinking it. So are Canaries and Woodpeckers and all the rest of the birds. It must be good."

"Suddenly," Mary Jane, the Rag Doll, said. "The flower vase on the top of the bookshelf is filled with water. If the Canary flew over to it, he could drink all he wanted."

"But how can I get the door of my cage open?" the Canary asked. "The door is locked. I can't get out."



"Water! Water!" Canary called from his cage.

"Just then the Cat walked in. Then the Hobby Horse announced joyfully: 'There's someone who can open Canary's door. The Cat!'"

## Stroked Her Whiskers

"The Cat stroked her whiskers as she looked up at the cage. It will be a pleasure. I can't tell you how many times I've thought of doing that myself. Of course I'll open it."

"The Cat looked hungry. But Canary didn't seem to like the idea at all. He fluttered around the cage. He beat his wings. I don't want any water! Get that cat away! I'm not thirsty any more!"

"Finally, General Tin with the help of Whoo, the Hobby Horse, got the Cat to change her mind about opening Canary's door."

"You'd think I meant to harm him," the Cat said in an injured voice. I was only going to do him a little favour. I can't understand why birds don't like me."

"Did Canary finally get his drink of water, Christopher?" Hand asked.

"Oh yes," said Christopher. "The children remembered a little later and filled his water cup. He didn't flutter about at all. He just dipped in his bill and drank."

"Don't ever start drinking water," General Tin said to Whoo, the Hobby Horse. "It's a bad habit. No matter how much water you drink one day, you're always sure to be just as thirsty again the next."

General Tin said: "Only canaries don't get thirsty."

## 40X5W10



THE SNAPPING TURTLE NEVER FEELS OUT OF WATER BECAUSE IT CANNOT SWALLOW, UNLESS ITS HEAD IS SUBMERGED.

ONLY BIRD KNOWN TO HIBERNATE IS THE POORWILL, A SOUTHWESTERN COUSIN OF THE WHIPPOORWILL. ONE WAS FOUND SLEEPING IN A CAVE TWO CONSECUTIVE WINTERS.

A MOLE CAN DIG A TUNNEL AT THE RATE OF 18 FEET AN HOUR.







